

Read DEATH BROADCASTS Inside

# Scoops

STORIES of the WONDER-WORLD of TOMORROW



2<sup>d</sup>  
EVERY  
THURSDAY

**ONSLAUGHT**  
from **VENUS**

AMAZING STORY OF  
INTER-PLANETARY ADVENTURE

*Inside*

Generating Power by—

# HARNESSING the WAVES

Waves Playing with a Reed Gives Engineer New Idea for Generation of Power

TO harness the mighty, restless forces of the ocean has long been the dream of engineers.

In America, where tidal action is very considerable, tide-mills have been used for the creation of power. A large basin is flooded twice a day and used to drive a mill-wheel with a small head, but the biggest drawback to this form of power is that it is intermittent and comes at different times each day.

Now a new idea has been born . . .

The waves of the ocean roll eternally, whether the tide is high or low, and here is power unlimited. To harness this force

for the creation of controlled power is the idea of Glas J. Stewart, of the University of Kentucky.

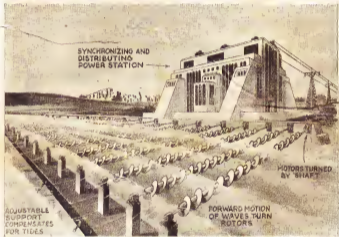
A reed yielding in the waves and forming a tiny natural motor gave him the original idea, and he produced a device mechanical motor by winding a hollow tube spirally round a shaft. He found that when the motor was anchored seaward (perpendicular) to the waves, it executed continuous rotation just as the reed had done.

It is interesting to note that, although the sea was violent at the time, the motor maintained a constant and even keel, for

this action was that of a screw rather than of a boat.

Our artist has here given an impression of a future power plant operated by a battery of rotating units of this type, each kept in action, like a worm-gear, by the constant forward motion of the waves against the spiral surface.

Since the water rises and falls with tidal action, an adjustment would be necessary for the different stages of the tide, and if the screw drove small electric motors synchronizing apparatus would be necessary to bring the united power into phase.



SCOOPS

## A.B.C. of SCIENCE

Scientific Terms and Theories told so you  
Can Understand Them

**Bolt Run.**—Has consisting of high speed motion of negative electricity in electronic discharge of during the spontaneous distribution of the radio-frequency waves.

**Boil.**—The first kind of the body. It consists of boiling in every member of the body and moves with water particles thrown out by the waves, rays. Consists of a plasma in which are at various rays and colored compounds—red and white. The work of these compounds is to release oxygen and light energy, the color substance of blood

contains about 5,500,000 red compounds. A red wave in this number leads to the disease known as anemia.

**Boiling Point.**—Is the temperature at which the vapor pressure from a liquid equals that of the surrounding atmosphere. 100 degrees centigrade is said to be the boiling point of ordinary water, but as we have said that the whole thing depends on the surrounding atmospheric pressure, we would expect this figure to be modified on climbing up a high mountain. This is actually the case, the

temperature at which water will boil at a point three parts the way up Mount Everest is so much less than normal that it won't even cook an egg! It is interesting to note that the boiling point of liquid carbon dioxide gas is  $-30^{\circ}\text{C}$ , i.e., it would boil in the open air  $79^{\circ}\text{F}$  of frost so that the application of any other is lost.

**Boil Warm.**—Scientist Lewis in the B.I.I. World is not at all, but especially not in. In the boiling and atmospheric stage of the earth's history, however, and this would change to the carbon stage of modern parts of the U.S.A.

**Burn.**—The process of red (No. 10), found as a natural mineral called that in Tibet. When molten particles pass which can be released such as the sale of certain metals, the carbon metal has and in other particles. Burned (No. 10) is closely associated with burn—in a solid atmosphere and a preservation in the coming of red and ink

*Captured by the Skeleton Men of Mercury. Imprisoned in the Radium Mines of Haldar, Surrounded by Rocks that Radiate Death*

By  
**M. HUGI**



# The MINES of HALDAR

## ★ SHEEP OF THE DEAD

WHEN space ship No. 37AE left New London on the night of the thirtieth of April, a. n. 1995, little did anyone think many of its passengers and crew would never see this world again.

After all, were not the spare parts safe to interplanetary ships in those unexplored caves? For over forty years Earth had sent out her explorations of barely space suits, flimsy, awkward shapes and untried tools from Venus to the moons of Saturn. And nothing was discovered. Ships and men, passengers and crew, always reached the destined outer regions unharmed, untroubled, and returned safely.

So when Captain Kirk Jensen began a fresh page in his log book, he filled in the ship's position, scheduled time, and the usual "All well."

Patterson, his first officer, gave a great deal of sleep.

All's well. Never anything else but. All's well. With I'd never passed the desired orbit. Might just as well have stayed at home and bought a farm, for all the excitement you get out here.

Jensen smiled and lit his pipe.

Ye should've passed forty years ago when the service first began. What with those rocket tubes, motor being, and space suits on the ghosts whose modern space suits have their being yet here had no time to complain. All well, those days are over, I suppose?

Well, back? Patterson growled, and

glanced through the look-out port. He stared, and called to his chief.

"Take a look out there, sir, what is that weird thing?"

Jensen crossed over to the port and peered intently at a huge greenish ball, which, as it spun rapidly, emitted a stream of red sparks like a cathode-ray.

Jensen leapt to the speaking tubes and turned Jensen on.

"Hey there, how look out are you today? Why didn't you report that ball of green fire before?"

Dead silence greeted him.

"The last time, asleep on his watch, by hook? I'll show him is sure for this." Jensen strode over to the alarm bell, and as a second the group gave out their hoarse warning all over the ship. The men rushed to their assigned posts, the passengers looked in the log cabin, and the engine room went through in the control room.

"What's up, skipper?"

The speaker who came rushing into the room was a young fellow, fair-haired, blue-eyed, and slender of build, Owen Peterson, his man, turned more by voice.

"That's none of your business," Jensen growled.

"Take a look at that!"

Owen followed his captain's pointing finger and gaped.

"A comet? Is that so?"

"Comet? No, indeed! It's got no tail. I've never seen it like all my forty years' experience. Patterson, set the main three engines. Right, Astoria, Eastern, proceed to 'X' line, and see reads on the 'X' line. Middle there, engine room. All, engine room!"

There was no answer!

"Don't you turned over of some all gone to sleep?" Jensen cried in exasperation.

Owen, ran down to the engine room, told 'em to give me three power blasts, three minutes duration.

Peterson dashed off on his errand, and was gone a few minutes. He returned to the control room, quiet and sick looking, and staggering greatly. He opened the door and fumbled at the compressor screen that rendered the door airtight as its parts of rubber.

"What the devil's the matter with ye?" Jensen cried, and caught Owen just as he collapsed.

"Gee, gee out there," he gasped, and pointed weakly to the door he had just opened. "I got to 'A'—dick, everybody lying flat out, great—great gas—all dead. Been so all—dead."

"God! the automatic compressor's looking!" Patterson exclaimed.

"Not even automatic, watch it—no and never again." Peterson gave a sigh and returned.

"Frog dead," Jensen muttered. "He's gone!"

"Dead!" Patterson cried again.

"Yes. Here, Patterson, help me up the emergency switch!"

In a few seconds the ship again under their command. Jensen peered out of the port and saw the green, flame-tagged ball cross their path about two hundred miles ahead of them.

"Can you reach anything, sir?"

Jensen pulled the air and looked sharply at his first officer.



## The Skeletons that Talked

headed in the opposite direction to which Jensen and his party had explored.

Hardly a hand of heavily armed men was seen. They were led by their captain, trotted along in the track of the riders. They had not time to go. They rounded a knob, hardly a quarter of a mile from the ship when they came to a pit in the ground. The shaft led down into deep darkness, and a strong draught blew upwards. Around the rim of the pit were steps leading into the bowels of the planet. Leads, some of the crew and their ladders and lighted the way down.

In single file they crept cautiously, step by step, down. A faint luminous light began to glow around them, and at Jensen's command the lanterns were extinguished. They were so that the sticks themselves gave out the only glow. It was a dirty blue-green light, just like that given off by lanterns on the moon.

A long passage stretched before them when they reached the bottom of the pit. Towards the left, the passage advanced slowly.

"My God!" gasped Jensen, then cried out, "Someone, behind us. Look!"

"What's up?" Jensen cried out in amazement, and the entire party started round.

There, behind them was a score of skeletons, walking along with them. Everyone in the party gave signs of astonishment, mingled with a small amount of terror.

And the leader, "The skeletons were really

living, moving objects. Absolutely devoid of flesh, the bones almost black in color, and seemingly endowed with a supernatural life; surely it was not at all surprising that every man felt a surge of pure terror.

"We can't shoot, when there's no bodies to shoot at!" one of the crew whispered.

With lowered guns, the party retreated before the advancing skeleton only to come up before a bank that was waiting around the angle of the tunnel. They were stopped!

"Threat down your throats!"

A knock, metallic, only issued from the leading skeleton, and others retreated to the ground.

"Oh, God! Skeletons that can talk!" Jensen cried out. "Are we mad? It is not, it cannot be real!"

"We are real, Earthmen. Look upon us, for we are the people of this world. We are the Skeletons of Lok, the Nebb-world!"

"Skeletons speaking English!"

"Who are you?" the leader asked. "You are Earthmen, hundred as they are, that it is ample for us to learn your strange language!"

"There was a point."

"What have you done with my people?" Jensen asked.

"What we do with all our captives. But have to work in the mine."

"The mine?" Jensen whispered.

"Yes, the Mine of Harkh," the lead skeleton stopped. "When you see it, like

"But—this is a nightmare," Patton gasped.

"You'll find the Mines are very real, however," the voice replied.

The prisoners were marched along, by one spoke. All were dazed and crashed by the weird and startling events.

The passage opened out into a series of great caverns. Round houses of quartz appeared abandoned, but little else was to be seen. A big stream gurgled rapidly through the center of one cavern.

"I must drink. I'm parched," one of the crew exclaimed.

He fell on his knees, and was about to scoop up some water in the palm of his hand. A sharp crooked ring cut

"Stop!"

It was the leader of the skeleton men, who had cried out. There was a hurried conversation between the grim beings, then—

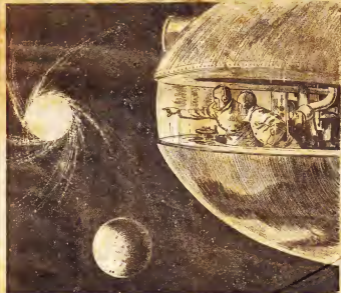
"Drink, but you only!"

The crew eyed each other askance, for there seemed a curious order. They fell down, quivering, and the white-bellied skeletons, for the first in the cavern seemed to have sipped every drop of moisture from their bodies.

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### ★ THE RADIUM DEATH

HAVING had his fill, the glow which emanated from his feet, which was the secret of his power, he moved through the crowd



Patterson pointed out at the strange greenish ball that spun rapidly towards them, emitting a shower of sparks like a great cathodic wheel. "What is that weird thing?" he asked his chief.

that seemed to stretch boundlessly under the crust of Monterey.

The captives must have been some days under the mouth of the pit by now, and the skeletons were increased in number. The bones looked grayer, larger and more complete, sterner, were laid out, and bits of dusky fleshed through the cracks. The crew, if they can be called one, appeared to be more plentifully accented on the whole. No new or real was visible, and the skeletons took knee on the flat body and seemed almost in absolute silence.

At last the journey came to an end. The men were landed into a big cave, which had no other outlet than that by which they had entered. A heavy stone door was closed upon them, and they were left to their own devices.

"They've got you, too!"

James passed through the blue green light, and over that at the far end of the cave were clustered the sleeping passengers.

The speaker was a tall, dark, and heavily bearded man. He was Dr. Franklin, a passenger who had been attending to about a medical conference at Venice. A quiet, unassuming man, he now seemed to have taken command of the terrified passengers. He turned over to James.

"He had rather heard for a reason," he whispered. "Name—well, or position in your hospital, isn't it?"

"Not much chance of escape," the skipper agreed. "There must be thousands of these horrors in the cave. What are they, doctor?"

"God knows. They're heavier enough in a way. When they attacked on one of your men I managed to shoot one, and he, for all his fleshy body, fought back with bullets fired in his side—"

A low groan broke into the doctor's speech.

"It's Weatherly, isn't it? He's the son of the crew captain and son of the crew captain and son of the crew captain."

James and the doctor turned to the space under, who was standing against the rock wall.

"What's the matter, my son?" James asked.

"Gee! I'm on fire," Weatherly groaned.

"It's awful agony."

"Has this fellow eaten anything down here?" Dr. Franklin asked sharply.

"He had a drink of water or one of the crew," James answered. "A fellow thing the skeleton would only allow one of us to touch the water, and he was that one."

Franklin looked alarmed. Weatherly dug greed a couple of inches, and then a curious thing happened. His legs began to tremble and fold up under him, and he collapsed, shivering with pain. In a few seconds it was all over. He was dead!

Franklin fell to his knees beside the body and murmured it. He turned as white as a sheet, and trembled violently.

"James, Esplanade, and you, Trellis," he muttered. "Come over here, I want to talk to you."

They crowded over to a far corner of their prison. The others were too taken aback by Weatherly's death to notice anything.

"Well, doctor, what is it?" James asked softly.

"As shall get the life that, sooner or later, Franklin realized in a shocked voice.

"Look poor old's died of Radium."

"Nonsense. What on earth is that?" Patterson broke out.

"A disease caused by eating or drinking anything contaminated by radium salts."

"A poison?" James asked.

"A million times more than that, then. Even a single particle of radium causes the most violent inflammation in the body, and the body is a poison. Did you notice the way that poor old's legs folded up under him? That was because no skin and thigh bones were showing now. Half-jelly, and refused to support his weight. No doubt if you examine that man, you'll find that his skeleton has practically dissolved."

"Is that likely to happen to all of us?" James asked, horrified.

"Yes, if we eat or drink anything in this radium-infused hell. Even if we manage to get out of here, I am afraid we shall be badly hurt by the radio active rocks. To live, we must all be out of here in less than three hours!"

James grew bolder at the thought of the terrible death which faced his charges. As captain he was responsible for the safety of his crew and passengers.

"How can these bone-bugs live down here, doctor?" James asked.

"I've no idea that they are immune," Franklin replied. "They must have lived and evolved for thousands of years under these conditions."

"Let's see, how many of us are there?" Patterson asked.

"Your crew and my passengers, thirty-five in all, I think," Franklin answered.

"We must save ourselves with something," James remarked.

"How about a mine or two of rock—there are plenty of fragments about."

"No good!" Franklin shook his head.

"Carrying me, even with radium. If you hold some long you'd lose your hands!"

"The skeleton was interrupted by the entry of half a score of the skeleton-creatures that then spotted Weatherly's body, and retreated in."

"Let this be a warning to all of you," the skeleton's head voice barked.

"Each member of this crew and each of you will be executed for such food. Run the skeleton. Run the skeleton."

The skeletons were backed out into the main cavern and closely guarded. They, forced along by guards from each group, they were watched through windows, demanding passengers. Every step seemed to increase the glare of the skeletons in the rocks surrounding them. It was quite evident that the danger they went into that was food, the gravity was the radium content. A single handful of light of the rock seemed to glow. No one made any member of the party millennium on Earth.

But how it would speak slow, painful death!

At last the passage opened out into a large vault that was that the skeletons had ever seen before. The place seemed with a body, and the men like glow from the rocks that glowed symmetrically. A full thousand came from the walls, a hundred thousand of a multitude of different kinds, with skeletons walked about, armed with guns and thrusting blades.

The skeleton-creatures, small, shrunken people, seemed thoroughly coward, and had used positively over their bodies when ever one of the group overcame happened to come close. There would be a crash of the bones, a shudder of terror and pain, and the skeleton would walk away on its own. Other skeletons in still greater efforts.

No one from Burke's Island looked half as hostile as this silent host of the skeletons.

"No, then, I bring some weapons for your men, Hilder," cried the leader of the skeletons' skeleton-creatures. A huge skeleton came hurrying over to the party and conveyed the captives.

"It's a good. Some of the skeletons and had this meaning. I am very short today. Welcome, strangers, to the Mines of Hilder!"

At last the party was taken to the mines of Hilder.

"MY God, we can't stay here!" Evans cried.

He was gripped, and as pale as a ghost. His hand trembled by the arm, he trembled to the skeleton's radiance glow of the mines.

"It's death for us to stay in here more than a few minutes," he said in a low voice.

The skeleton-creatures and the nearest atmosphere with eyes on us to no use!"

"Come!" Hilder cried to Evans, "Hilder!"

gripped one of the grinning skeletons, and began to lead them into safety. He advanced to the party before he began to look at them. There were many more than a sharp yelp and promptly dashed his feet into the growing dark.

The skeleton gave a harsh cry, and snorting across the cavern. He lay there, where he fell, dead!

"Call on me," cried James. "These things are so soft as putty. Give us a job."

With a frightened yell, the skeletons were now their intended victims, and began to lay their weight on all sides. Even, very few of the skeletons were in their hands. Their lungs cracked and cracked under such stress, like dry sticks. To the captain's astonishment, though the bones were not the same and were broken, the bones did not fall apart, but held as if by some invisible force. They felt a soft rubbery something as their knees came such time they pressed, that seemed to squish and crackle as invisible steel.

"The gods!" yelled Patterson.

The crew and passengers gazed at the metal bars and began to create dreadful havoc with these weapons. Their strength rose to superior to that of the skeletons, for these things had existed on a planet where it must be impossible, but for the life of Earth's gods.

Franklin began to move and pushing, the skeletons began to close the way towards the passage back to the main cavern.

The great master of the mine, Hilder, began to cry and something in a distant group of skeleton men who had been running up to them before. And the party immediately wheeled round and tore up another tunnel.

By now the captives had broken their way out of the passage. Alas, they had to leave others men behind, who would never see the light of day again. They began to cry out of the long winding tunnel, the cave where their prison was situated. It was they began to feel the vision of the last few hours' torture. And before them was ranged one upon one of skeletons. The man that Hilder had called upon, but evidently been sent to watch their entrance of the skeletons' cave.

The leading skeleton man pointed various terrifying weapons towards the humans, and a violent glow sprang from the ceiling, walls, floor, and the skeletons began to their backs, paralyzed. One or two men overboard and fill the rest stood still, in a varied selection of attitudes, some with one foot of the ground, others with hands raised high. All were fully conscious, and a prickling seemed through their veins.

Hilder came striding up and surveyed the skeleton men with satisfaction.

"So you have now you could defy the last side with weapons and men?" he asked.

Franklin, you shall pay dearly for the death of my fellow. Take them to the prison now."

Gradually, the skeletons were seized their captives and carried them to their marble prison. There they were being overpowered to the ground. Hilder tapped and some of the skeletons began to walk, and in a few minutes two skeletons returned pushing a small tank with wheels, and a small cage, with half a dozen small men, was placed at the center of the prison.

"Now, Hilder, you shall take the men of the skeletons," Hilder cried.

"Since you do not consider it fit for you to leave in the arms of Hilder, you shall be left unharmed. But how you will return, should you feel thereby, after all your attacks, I have, in my great kindness of heart, provided for you."

He turned to the man who had been taken back up, Hilder passed and looked back at his captives.

"I trust you will enjoy the waters of Lake," he smiled, and showed the door alone.

For some minutes the skeletons were on. (Read on at start of next issue)

## IN THE MINES OF HALDAR

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"Come!" Hilder cried to Evans, "Hilder!"

# An Engineer Designs the Real

# SHIP of the DESERT

Strange New Vessel to Travel  
by Land and Sea

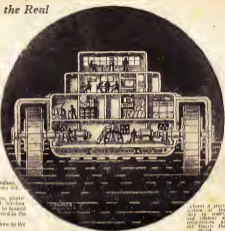
THE Ship of the Desert, from the all-glassed description of the inside, becomes an actual fact in the design of a strange new vessel to travel over land and by sea.

The vessel, named the *Schwe-Ankling Caterpillar Dragon*, has been designed by a German Engineer, and the pictures of side and front cross-sections shown here give intimate details of the desert ship.

Caterpillar ribbons, powered by oil-burner engines, will drive the vessel over desert lands, and the engines will be used for driving the ship through water.

The desert ship will be equipped with radio, photo-graphic, darkroom, bathroom and electrical kitchen. Bedrooms, sleeping-rooms, and dining-rooms will be housed in the centre of the ship, and freight will be carried in the lower cabins.

Even the mighty majesty of the desert land lies to the march of civilization.



Shown a cross-section of the ship in desert, and interior & passengers as they travel the desert.



Continuing . . .

## The MINES OF HALDAR

able to move, then the pushing efforts of the robot say begins to move off. One by one they sat up and asked their beds. One man eventually staggered to his legs and picked up a mug and was about to dip it into the tank.

"Sleep! Do you want to go the same way as Wankley?" cried Franklin. "Now, whatever you do, don't touch that water. It is death as the most frightful doom!"

And that was Haldar's reply.

The men began to mind the door, but it had been securely fastened. Desperately, they drifted back to the centre of their cave and sat on the floor in a silent group. This was the end.

How long they sat like that no one knew. Then one man began to scratch the back of his head; then another began to rub his chin.

"Look, this is awful," Franklin whispered to Jensen. "They're beginning to feel the effects of rotten hams. Soon we'll all be like this. Oh, God, what an end!"

Then faintly to their ears came a queer sound.

"Tut-tut-tut! Tut-tut-tut!"

"Whatever is that?" Some more of Haldar's jokes?" asked Peterson.

Then faintly a voice could be heard.

"Jensen, Captain Jensen. Where are you?"

The captain began to yell and scream in a

frenzy. Suddenly the door was flung open and a party of Karthans stood there.

"Come on, gentlemen. Out of here, please!"

Outside, Jensen and his party found fifty young soldiers, equipped with sub-machine guns, holding the Karthans at bay.

"We got your wireless for fuel and supplies and came hot-foot," the leader of the rescue party explained. "Luckily, we came in time to get you out. By the way, I wonder what sort of things those skeletons were. How do they live and feed without hatches?"

"They live and feed all right," Dr. Franklin answered. "Living down there for centuries has made the flesh of these bones transparent. They are just animated X-ray photographs. That's all!"



The two newspaper men burst into the room as first Corwyn Grant gagged and bound, and his apparatus a mass of ruins. "Good heavens! What on earth has happened?" exclaimed Lord Bryant.

# The TIME

Television in Time! A machine that looks back down the closed channels of sight, picking up visions of centuries ago. This startling story tells how the Time Televisor was used to solve a murder.

By Stanley H. NELSON

Lord Bryant, always looking for a scoop in his paper, had arranged with Miss Hanson of the *Evening World* to wireless news of her flight in the *Klondyke World*. But Dinky was to create her newspaper, lick those who shape the paper, and run the show, generally.

"And you'd better fly down to Lympe and see if you can't get some more," Lord Bryant said in conclusion. "I don't want any more. This don't put another load on me, all on the circulation it's properly loaded."

"Certainly, sir," bowed he to go. Dinky smiled, and after reviewing further details, studying the girl's state of mind, he recalled her from the chair's room and up to the first floor of the hotel building where his *Klondyke World* was always in readiness for him.

"You, Dinky's at Lympe, I understand, Mrs. Hanson," he said. "We'll be there in half an hour."

It was three p.m. when they reached the hotel. Dinky to first floor, a couple D. H. Grant. Both smiled up and waiting for the wireless.

He made a little speech for the benefit of the news film men, then entered the cabin of his wireless machine.

But entered the wireless apparatus, found it working satisfactorily, and flew with her out over the Channel. The coast of France was in sight when he reached it, when and flew back to the *Klondyke World* office to write a preliminary report for the final edition.

After some of the wireless crew of the *Klondyke World* with a big sheet of notes in his hand. He had just been talking with Betty Hanson on a relayed wavelength from Singapore. The girl spoke was four days out on her second breaking air, and, on far she was something all previous times.

Timeless current had been seized on the flight and the *World* was being ahead of its rivals, thanks to the machine's reports from Betty herself.

But was about to get busy transcribing his shorthand notes when the door of the reporters' room burst open and a man entered. He entered in a hurry. It was Hans, the crime reporter of the *Klondyke World*, and it looked as though he had got a scoop.

"Dinky's back at his wireless. It was not good for the wireless come up, to be so affected by his room."

"Well, Hans, you lucky dog," he grinned. "What's happened? Have you managed to get a murder on *Klondyke*?"

Hans did not smile at the joke. He didn't do anything for a moment—just stood and

## ★ THE BIG-NEWS FLIGHT

"SEND Dinky," Editor and Proprietor of the *Klondyke World*, spoke the words in his hoarse voice into the phone.

"Send Dinky to Lord Bryant," whispered the operator as he plugged in to the Reporter's Room.

"Chief wants Mr. Dinky," shouted the pretty copy boy who answered the ring.

Don Dinky, flying up of the *World*, instantly making the end of a thick pencil, rose from the long table and hurried to answer the summons.

On the way to Lord Bryant's room he passed twisted back to the interesting turn of thought which his chief's call had disturbed.

For years Dinky had been interested in the idea of the Fourth Dimension, and during the course of time he had evolved an amazing theory. It was a combination in many ways. For instance, Dinky did not share the view previously held that it is necessary to traverse the shorter body through space for him to witness events that have already taken place.

It was while he was building an apparatus to put this theory to the test that in the office of his work, Dinky had met a young Grant, the famous television expert. Grant had taken a deep interest in the reporter's time travel experiments, and had suggested that they work on the idea together. And at last, after many days, experiments they succeeded. By connecting Dinky's time machine with Grant's invention, they were

able to look back at happenings on any particular spot on any given date.

In the flickering screen of the Time Televisor, as he and Grant had discussed their wonderful machine, three men had been seen. Happenings of long ago. One of two on the foot of the stairs, was walking to death in the cold light of seventeenth-century dawn, the Court-Chamber flight of Bryant in the first house then an academy.

Dinky reached the door of the chief's room, knocked and went in.

Lord Bryant was not alone. There was a girl, her slim figure clad in a well-fitting ivory costume, sitting in the easy chair beside the chief's desk.

"Ah, Dinky," and the newspaper magazine in his deep voice. "This is Miss Betty Hanson. I don't think you two have met before. Miss Hanson met Mr. Dinky, the reporter who will handle the news of your flight."

As he shook hands with the girl, Dinky could not help noting the slightly worried expression on her face. Her dark, almost boyish eyes had a far away expression, as though her mind were busy with something that troubled her, as though she was afraid.

Not that one would suppose her with Betty Hanson. Her eyes, already fixed on first class news with the British Press. For her during flight in the *Klondyke World* he had at least three long distance news flashes made her the idol of the British Isles.

Now she planned her greatest feat of all—to make the England to Australia flight, beating the record of 6 days, 12 hours. Betty hoped to accomplish the journey in six days.

around at Derby. Then, with the aid of a man who has just had a head-on burst in front of him, he said:

"Betty Mason's wanted—in the murder of Selwyn Stokes!"

Doc Derby did not read further. He had the report down beside him.

"Suppose you know that some of that stuff's fiction!" he asked quietly. "The chief won't let it go through. And as for

the police theory—and I'm afraid she'll be pointed as well as the girl back to England."

He rose and hurried out of the reporter's room. When he came back he had already sent his report to the sub's table.

"Chief says they're to print my report as fact," he told Derby. "Immediately. Before Doc could reply the bell rang a warning for the flying line to catch the clock."

"Well," said Lord Bryant, as Derby entered his lofty room. "This is the very devil of a mess. Suppose Mason's told you?"

"Yes, sir," said Derby quietly. "Of course, it's not true! A girl like Be-Nice Mason—couldn't—"

The newspaper proprietor pulled at his cuffs.

"The evidence seems pretty strong, my boy. But like you I am preferring an open secret. She doesn't look a killer, but human beings do strange things in the heat of a moment. She was very fond of her brother—his caricatures you kept out of the papers, by the way, owing to my influence. I was a friend of their father. Though the probability would have no intention of killing Stokes when she called on him, it is quite possible that she produced her revolver to threaten him, and the thing went off. The workshop in which Stokes was found dead is

# TELEVISOR

## ★ THE TELEVISOR SLEUTH

IN the reporter's room a fox would have been heard to drop. Doc Derby said the lot were looking at Mason as though he had suddenly taken leave of his senses.

"Hush, Mason! You're crazy!" heard at Derby, when he had recovered sufficiently to speak. "The girl's been in the air for nearly five days. Show us some—"

But Mason was not listening. He had gone to his desk, and from a notebook was transcribing his shorthand notes of the affair straight as to the typewriter.

Doc Derby, fuming with impatience, had to stop the overworked law of journalism that a reporter must not be interrupted when writing against time for the press. He stood by the other way. His aim as a detective until Mason revealed the end of his "cappi".

Then, without a "by your leave," he switched up the half dozen shots and landed amidst the amazing story.

A sensation will be caused by flying circles (Mason had written) at the news of the sudden death of Selwyn Stokes. The famous aircraft designer was found lying in his private workshop in the grounds of his Surrey house early this morning. He had been shot through the head. The pathological report, which was received by the police some hours later, states that death was caused by a bullet fired from a small calibre revolver at close range. The victim had been dead for four days. The remains of a simple meal were found on a table in the workshop, and Jackson, the dead man's father, explained that his son's some times worked for as long as three days without leaving the workshop. It was only on the morning of the fourth day were he saw Mr Stokes alive that shock and horror seized him and entered the workshop, where he found his son lying dead in his chair. During these periods of intensive research Mr. Selwyn Stokes lived only on cheese and his own sleeping on a camp bed.

"There was no sign of a robbery having been committed, but police inquiries reveal that Selwyn Stokes had two visitors on the day of his death. Jackson states that a neighbour of the dead man, Mr. Marcus Stokes, called to see his uncle at mid-day, and was conducted to the workshop in the grounds. Half an hour later Miss Betty Mason, the air woman, who is now living in Australia in an attempt on the record, also appeared at the house with a request to see Mr. Stokes on urgent business. The latter, who had orders from his mother to take Mrs. Mason to her when she arrived, escorted her to the workshop in the grounds. Mr. Marcus Stokes had already left.

"The police have interviewed Mr. Marcus Stokes who states that he left his uncle in the heat of dispute. They are now waiting to get in touch with Mrs. Mason at her next air base. It is expected that she will be summoned to return to England immediately.

"Selwyn Stokes, former aircraft designer and chairman of The Stokes Light Aeroplane Company, Ltd., has had a distinguished career. . . ."

Here followed the final mad's history, but



As the two airmen dashed towards the bound girl flyer the negritas swung a savage blow at Derby with his hidden sacrificial knife.

## A Grim Race with Time

half a mile away from the house, and the report of the weapon would not be heard. It was only when the sergeant became anxious that the murder was discovered.

"Whatever the truth, this delinquency runs on two wheels. Of course, the girl's implication in Sidney's death will have a great value, but the police reports will not be adequate to the world, and the fight against stuff will have to be abandoned. You'd better work on the story right away to Miss Hanson and get a statement from her. It may throw light on the mystery, and at any rate we can make that story as clear as day."

Deely turned and hurried off to the wireless room. He got in a call to Betty on the international wireless system to Singapore.

He had to wait longer than usual, fuming at the extra delay. At last, however, the voice of the wireless operator at Singapore came through to him. They could get no reply there from the "plane."

Mystery piled on mystery! What had happened to the girl flyer? Had the plane crashed or—

For a moment the faith of the young reporter in the girl with the legend coat was shaken. Her line with the world would be long.

Days passed without any further news from Betty Hanson. The efforts of the police to get in touch with her had also failed. The question now swirling the minds of police and public was whether the girl had really crashed on the most dangerous stage of her flight—between Singapore and North Australia, where navigation is well known to be most difficult—or whether she had taken this opportunity to disappear? In other words, was she the murderer of Sidney Hanson?

It was at this juncture that Don Deely remembered the Time Television!

The giant colored monoplane with *Evening World* painted on wings and fuselage moved through a hazy sky. A thousand feet below was the big tree and avenue of the mysterious island of the Malay Archipelago.

Don Deely, noting glowed hands as the colored stick spoke into the speaking tube converting the pilot's voice with the observer.

"Still got her, Grant?"  
"Yes—and flying like a bird. No sign of trouble yet," came back the reply. The speaker, a big bearded man with chestnut tresses all over his face, was absorbed in the group apparatus that almost filled the observer's cabin. A mass of wires, valves, and curiously-shaped tubes, the machine had a complicated control panel in its center, below which was the ground glass of a television screen.

It was the Time Television.

Acting like the London Evening World, Don Deely and Grant were usually following Betty Hanson's progress over the same route more than a week before. Lord Bryant had passed at the idea when Don suggested it. He was in the training of the girl flyer by the Time Television. A demonstration of the Time Television had convinced the news magazine of its pertinence, and he had placed the long distance monoplane and unlimited funds at Don's disposal.

The Time Television had a range of only five hundred miles, hence the necessity for the "plane."

Aboard her Don Deely and Colgate Grant had followed the route of Betty's flight, watching the image of her machine in the Time Television screen.

Now they had reached this position over the Malay Peninsula.

Grant's machine eyes were fixed on the girl's "plane" in the screen. It had been eight miles when she accomplished this portion of her flight on a complete course, but thanks to the wire and device with which the Time Tele-

vision was fitted, the scientist could see the girl's "plane" clearly.

Suddenly Grant gave an exclamation. Bright streaks of light suddenly began to glow and crackle around the girl's flight path.

"Lightning storm!" he shouted loudly into the speaking tube. He adjusted various knobs and controls on the Time Television until he had a closer view of the nature of Betty's rain. The girl was jumping steadily with the lightning. But her efforts were unavailing. The steady hum of her engine to the sound apparatus of the Time Television died away.

Grant's words were "Grant told Deely through the speaking tube. She's trying to maintain her position to Singapore. But the lightning's got her wireless transmitter out of operation. She's going down."

His own mind raced as he watched the flight. What with time out of control, the machine, still under perfect control, was gliding down towards the jungle.

It seemed the next instant into the tops of the great trees, but miraculously a clearing

## London Leads in Television

### 12,000,000 will See in to Crystal Palace Broadcasts

A SCHEME is now planned for the Crystal Palace, near London, to be the world's greatest television centre.

It is intended to send out television broadcasts from one of the towers for the benefit of the 12,000,000 people who live in and around London.

All the laboratories, offices and testing stations of the broadcast firm, the British Television Company, are to be situated in the Crystal Palace, where modern studios and dressing rooms for the actors are also being constructed.

Something like 30,000 square feet of floor space and two floors in the broadcasting tower are being occupied by the mammoth system, and in a short time new alterations will be commencing to expand the service.

Since the installation will be in the shape of working on the first complete television broadcasts.

opened below. On one side was a collection of beehive-shaped hats. Their occupants were apparently sleeping, but as the "plane" landed in the clearing nearby a crowd of black figures suddenly streamed into light.

Grant saw Betty dash down from the cabin and stand calmly awaiting the natives. A shaft of sunlight shined down at that moment from the storm clouds, illumining her as she advanced like some fair goddess—a vision from another world.

Evidently the Malayans got the same idea, for a number of them restrained themselves to the jungle floor. But behind them a tall, commanding figure in a simple robe de courtes with exotic shafts appeared. He seemed to have authority over the rest, and he began haranguing them in an unfamiliar tongue.

Grant told Deely what was happening.

"These fellows are natives," he explained. "They will live in three parts of the Peninsula in their natural savage state. The big fellow's telling 'em not to be fools and get up. He says if the whole girl in a golden robe were to be a real to them, even get out. They—oh, the band!"

The last exclamation dropped from the speaker's lips when he saw in the television screen that the big native had moved forward and caught hold of Betty Hanson. She struggled desperately, pale with fear, but the rest of the Malayans jumped to their feet and started their leader to approach her.

She was bound with hands and hoisted away into one of the huts.

Grant adjusted the Time Television so that he got a view of the interior. The girl was lying on the floor at the foot—a place of semi-shadows—and here the leader of the Malayans addressed her in solemn tones, though obviously she didn't understand a word of what he said.

Colgate Grant, however, who was a keen student of savage tongues, understood only too much.

"They're telling her she's to be married to their chief," he told Deely. "But not until full moon. I—Good heaven, that's tonight. There's still time to rescue her!"

"This was true, but the flying reporter and his friend were still over two hundred miles from the spot where Betty had gone down, according to their calculations, and the way was already making.

Grant glanced at his wrist watch. "It's five o'clock," he told Deely. "And I reckon someone will be about there. You've got to hurry, old chap, if we're to be in time."

Do needed an urging. He set the machine full throttle, and they seemed to fly backward through the air. Grant switched off the Time Television, and he adjusted a last object before one of the leaders began to wield the edged leader that reached it.

It was the submarine gun they had brought with them in case of emergency.

"May have to use this," he told Don suddenly.

The pair settled down to that grim race with time.

## \* TRIAL FOR MURDER

THERE was no need for the Time Television now, for the *Evening World* plane, engine switched off, was gliding low down over the clearing in the Malay jungle.

Through the moon shadows Don and Grant had a view of the strange scene below.

The clearing was all white with figures, all standing at a great wooden stake which had been erected in the center. Fastened to the stake was the slender, shadowy figure of Betty Hanson.

Even as the "plane" appeared, the jungle scene rose above the tree tops, matching the girl in its cold, yellow light. She was still in flying gear, but her leather helmet had been removed, revealing her fiery hair, which was still perfectly coiffured in spite of her captivity.

In front of her stood the leader of the natives, his face beaming in the moonlight. He gripped the haft of a wooden staff in one hand, raising his other arm in a sort of salute to the moon. There was no sign of an idol, and the watchers rightly assumed that the moon was the trial god—the whom the natives were about to adore.

A low wailing chant now sounded through the clearing, and the fellow advanced on Betty with the knife.

The girl made no effort to crumple back from the blade. Her blue eyes were fixed in a vacant stare upon her captor. A moan as though her mind was fast away.

Close came the executioner. He swung her hair with his left hand, drew back the knife as though to plunge it into her throat and—

Don Deely cut in his engine. The sudden thunderous roar crashed into the scene alone like the dream of death and, like some strange force the scene, the huge "plane" swept into the clearing.

The natives, who, absorbed in the grim ceremony, had not been aware of the "plane's" appearance, all eyed her with the same note, as startled with such of momentous fear from its call. But the High Priest, a shaman or a priest himself, was made of sterner stuff. He swung round from the girl, snatching at her with the knife held ready.

Even when the "plane" rolled to a standstill



A Weekly up-  
to - the - minute  
News Feature  
on Matters Inter-  
Planetary

Contributed by P. E. CLEATOR

(President of the British Inter-Planetary Society)

### Acceleration

I HAD E just heard of some very interesting experiments which were carried out by the members of the German Inter Planetary Society in connection with acceleration. The majority of people appear to harbor the delusion that the relatively high speeds which interplanetary travel demands—speeds of thousands of miles an hour—will prove fatal to human beings.

Actually, mere speed does not affect the human body at all. At this very moment we are hurtling through space at a speed of over sixty-six thousand miles an hour as a result of the earth's orbital motion round the sun. No, it is not the absolute velocity that matters, but the time taken to attain it—in other words, acceleration.

In one of his stories, Jules Verne said a vessel to the Moon from a gigantic cannon, shot drop in the Earth. He did not realize that the sudden acceleration of such a projectile would fatten out the no sports of the vessel and kill them. Nor did he realize that the ship itself would quickly be burst to pieces because of the friction caused by its motion like lightning through the Earth's atmosphere.

During a real space journey the rate of acceleration will have to be carefully controlled at all times and kept within safe limits. But what are these limits? We do not know, but this need not worry us. For we can satisfy ourselves about the matter in another way.

It is well known that the rate of accelera-

"The Time Telescope" looked out the firing aperture curiously. "Gent took off from the 'gloria' when we landed last night down to his place at High Waverley in Kent. With your permission I'll run down there and try to re-contact the man with the machine."

"Right—and I'll come with you," grunted Lord Bryant.

In the newspaper owner's hall they quickly crossed the thirty miles between Fleet Street and High Waverley.

But when they reached Colwyn Grant's place—a lonely house standing in the open grounds some distance from the village itself—they perceived a big shock.

A moment's advance told them that the door of the scientist's room was locked, and they had to break the lock before they could enter.

They found Grant, tied by his own experimental bench, roughly bound and gagged. The Time Telescope, with which he had apparently been following was a mass of rust in his corner.

"Good heavens! What on earth has happened?" exclaimed Lord Bryant as Bentley quickly released him from.

Colwyn Grant, still from his confinement, had otherwise managed, bubbled like a machine as he stared at the wreckage of his and Don's motor machine.

"The machine! The machine! Let me see it!" he cried. "The machine! The machine! Let me see it!" he cried. "The machine! The machine! Let me see it!" he cried. "The machine! The machine! Let me see it!" he cried.

"What has happened? You may well ask, sir? I was experimenting with the Time Telescope—thought it might throw some light on the Stokes Murder Case, as a matter of

fact due to the Earth's gravity it thirty-two feet per second per second. And it is an absurd fact that the human body is quite capable of surviving this. Falls from great heights, where the opening of the parachute has been deliberately delayed, have proved the case.

### The German Experiments

So far, so good. But when the question of interplanetary journey was being planned, calculations showed that, for variety of reasons, it was desirable that the ship's acceleration should be about four times that due to the Earth's gravity—288 feet per second per second.

With characteristic thoroughness the German experimenters set themselves the task of determining how the human body would react to an acceleration such as this. By means of guinea overdrag machines the experimenters were subjected to an acceleration of 500, (100 feet per second per second) for over nine minutes—without ill effects!

Thus another problem connected with interplanetary travel has been satisfactorily solved. And should it be discovered that even higher rates of acceleration will be necessary, there will always be men ready to risk their lives in order to find out whether the human body is capable of withstanding them or not.

Let us hope that vital experiments of this nature, if and when they become necessary, will not lead to loss of life. There are far too few rocketmen in the world as it is.

fact—when two men came through the window over there. It concludes a described case of the grounds, as most of the servants would see them slip across from the road. The machine was built around, and I haven't the faintest idea who they were. Well, to get a long story short, they told me up at the point of a revolver and tied me in the back after putting me. Then they smashed up the Time Telescope with rubber truncheons and made off through the window again. That was two hours ago, and I've been tied up here ever since."

"It's! Looks as though they didn't want you to use the machine for some reason," murmured Lord Bryant. "I wonder if this has anything to do with the Stokes case? I wonder—"

The Grant and Bentley were not listening to his building. They were bending over the ruins of the Time Telescope, examining the extent of the damage.

"We've got to get the thing right for Friday," the reporter told his friend. "Thank we can do it, Grant?"

"It'll be a night and day job, but no night's matter to me," was the slow reply.

Then and then he set to work, while Don, moving from, told him of his idea of re-examining the machine.

The next three days Don spent in feverish efforts at work at the "Time Telescope" and on a quiet day, spent somewhat at High Waverley, working in the repair of the Time Telescope.

When the count assembled on the final day of the trial, however, the machine was still out of commission.

It was not until seven o'clock in the even-

ing a couple of yards of him, the man did not stop.

Donkey and Colwyn Grant were out of their skin in a trice. They hurried themselves forward.

The scientist's dreadful weapon swung to and fro in two, but the bearded scientist was too quick for him. His heavy fist took the fellow on the side of the jaw sending him flying to the ground, where he lay still, unconscious.

Donkey pulled up the knife from where it had fallen, and in a few quick strokes severed Betty's hands.

Back to the plane. No time to lose!" pointed Donkey.

The organ, who had moved from their fight, were rushing towards them to cut them off from their machine.

Supporting the landing rig between them, Donkey and Grant fairly ran across the intervening space and landed Betty unconscious into the rear cabin. Grant leapt up after her while Don pulled himself into the pilot's chair.

Even as the machine reached the "gloria" the engine burst into song and the propeller began an air of pleasing light in her case. She moved forward, scattering the organ from her path, around the sacrificial stake by which, and rose into the air.

"Time, a mere speck," Miss Hanson pointed Grant. "But those thieves we managed to save you in time."

But Betty Hanson did not reply. She was staring at her rescue with the same tracer like glow in which she had regarded the man who had been . . .

The gasp of the press of the London Evening World were pouring out the edition, readers, leaders, and the rest of the literary world, working at high pressure to get the latest news.

Across the front page was splashed the story of the latest developments in the Stokes case. It was D. Donkey's own report of how he and Grant, with the aid of the Time Telescope, had traced the missing aeroplane and brought her back to England to prove her innocence. The description of the machine now in a machine had caused a furore in scientific circles, but the interest of the general public was focused on the whole case.

In another column of that same was Grant's story of the progress of the case for the prosecution. A warrant had been issued for Betty's arrest while Donkey was away, so that when the Evening World's plane landed at Lympen after its long flight the girl was taken into custody.

She was now awaiting her trial, but having been refused.

Thanks to Don Donkey, the London Evening World were handling the device. They were paying all expenses, and would have already been instructed.

They were, as we have mentioned, far, owing to her social experiment the girl, now seemed to have been affected. Her memory of all the events of her life before she crossed was a complete blank. She did not even remember her name.

The prosecution were jubilant. They asserted that it was a case to avoid the possibility of her name. A verdict of guilty was confidently expected at the trial on Friday.

Lord Bryant intervened Don Donkey with a long face.

"It looks as though we're fighting a losing battle, Donkey," he told him. "Might as well shake the case. The last memory must have been tried too often for it to set one free from it."

Don Donkey's jaw jutted.

"It's no longer on Miss Hanson's part, anyway, Chief," he said dogmatically. "Why?"—he said. "No!—That's still a chance of getting at the true facts!"

"And that is!" queried the newspaper proprietor.

ing that the Time Television was ready for action.

Doc, meanwhile, dabbed nervously, eagerly wiped the sweat of the late night first of the World when the manuscript brought it into the workshop.

"Thank Heaven!" he said finally. "There's still time. The run for the presentation concluded at five, and the room was adjusted now to mirror someone. That's probably how Rayson's doing. Yes, here it is," *Typed Rayson, who was present at the trial, suggested to the judge that the case be adjourned until tomorrow, as his advertisement for the defense was not ready for the court.* (Meaning) the Chief a worked the trick. I guess somebody is going to get a check to-morrow."

## \* WITNESS FOR THE DEFENCE

THERE was a rustle of interest in the crowded court when Mr. Leonard St. Louis, counsel for the defense, rose to his feet. Curious eyes watched from the strange opposition that had been placed in front of the jury to the last, commanding figure of the famous advocate.

"My Lord and Gentlemen of the Jury," began Mr. St. Louis. "It is not my intention to trouble you with a lengthy discourse on my client's innocence." Here he gave a dry cough and looked in the direction of the K.C., who had occupied seven hours with his case for the prosecution. "Indeed," he continued, "I propose with your permission, gentlemen, to let events speak for themselves. The machine which has been erected in front of the jury is known as a Time Television. It is the direct invention of two men who are now present in court, who enables any event or series of events which have already taken place to be re-created. Perhaps you will give us a demonstration, Mr. Grant?"

Coleby Grant, who was standing beside the Time Television—Dorly was at the reporters' table—adjusted his controls, and a picture flashed on to the enlarged television screen which was clearly observable to every man and jury. It showed the events of yesterday's hearing of the case; then the assembly of the machine's crew and up to the red of Mr. Leonard St. Louis's opening speech.

"At this point counsel rose again," he said. "You have seen the machine's capabilities—I understand this machine operates as well to bring my client back to England—and we will have I your permission, my lord to show the actual crime, to find the perpetrator of which this court is assembled."

Three hundred gasps of amazement from the jury, and the judge was seen to be conferring with his colleagues. At the end of this discussion he said:

"This proceed on is highly irregular, but while not necessarily admitting it as evidence, we are prepared to use what we have heard found has to show us."

Coleby Grant again adjusted the controls of the Time Television. He was bringing it on to Selwyn Stokes's workshop on the morning of the crime. During this pause many curious glances were bent on the slim figure in the dock. Betty Hanson, that in a single dark instant, seemed as material in the drama, in which she was the central figure who was staring at the television screen, which she could just see.

But as Grant finished his task and pressed the button which connected the Time Television with the big screen, a pained expression came into her eyes.

So everybody's gaze was fixed fixatedly on the screen. It showed the interior of Selwyn Stokes's workshop. The air-filled dropper himself was seated at a desk crowded with plans. He was a rather good-looking man and there was a good deal of his hair-like face. Not the sort of man of whom is said a traitor. This point was not lost on the jury.

"They saw the door open, and Jackson the

butler appeared to announce Marcus Stokes. The young man bowed forward, and Jackson went out. Obedient the door behind him.

"Well, what a you were," he said, smiling at the chief man. "Hurry up, I'm busy!"

"Scrap. What trouble you a minute, mate," replied Marcus. "Truth is I'm rather hard up and am wondering if you'd allow me another loan."

Selwyn Stokes's face was seen to go back and at the words.

"Nonsense—no loans asking for money," he said. "Always pushing again, I suppose. Well, this is the end of my, my life. I've had enough of your wild ways. In fact, I'm going to see my old law to-morrow and let you out of my will. Now, get out!"

But the breathless watchers saw the look of white-faced on the young man's face as he stumbled in the door. Selwyn Stokes was already inclined give more to his mark.

## These Men Want To CHANGE THE CALENDAR!

MANY great business are working upon the reorganization of the calendar as we know it today.

The present calendar makes the preparation of statements extremely difficult, owing to the fact that a month in one year can have fewer working days than the corresponding month of the next year. Compare now between the two months are therefore assumed.

The Board of Trade issues figures showing the trade returns for each month, and the experts have to get busy to examine these figures carefully to discover how they really compare with those of other years.

In one case, after accurate calculations had been made, it was found that to be truly correct and set all figures should be corrected by as much as 4 per cent.

Now for the alternative to the present calendar.

The work proper change would be to divide the year into equal three periods of four quarters, each of thirteen weeks.

Now, one day in the year would be termed "New Year's Eve," thus reducing the number of days in the year to 364 and providing exactly 52 weeks.

In each quarter the first month would contain 31 days and the other two months would each contain of 35 days.

Every one of the quarters would begin on a Sunday, as would every year.

How successful the scheme will be remains to be seen. There's still the 24-hour clock to be disposed of, one way or another.

But he was not left long undisturbed. There was another knock at the door and Jackson appeared again. This time he announced a lady—Mrs. Betty Hanson—who wanted to see the assistant designer on important business—business, that wouldn't wait, as he was just ahead.

"I know—I've had a letter from her. Please let her," commanded Selwyn Stokes in a changed voice.

Betty Hanson entered. Jackson went out, closing the door behind him.

"It's about my brother, Jack, Mr. Stokes," said Betty, after she had looked behind the screen, desiring's greeting. "Here is proof of his innocence which it has taken us six months to find."

She held a letter on Selwyn Stokes's desk.

"I obtained a post as secretary with the famous firm who are known to have used the plans Jack is supposed to have stolen from you, Mr. Stokes, she went on in her sweet, low voice. "This letter was sent three from your own lawyer, Mr. Marcus Stokes. You'll see that it is to effect to obtain the plans for these people at a certain price. And

here"—she handed him a carbon copy of another letter—"here is their reply to him after he had sent them the plan prints, enclosing the finished plans to my desk."

"Good heavens!" murmured the almost disbeliever. He peered closely at his nephew's letter. "There's no doubt this is Marcus's writing. I'd know it anywhere. This is a principled young fellow. All right, Mrs. Hanson, I'll certainly see that justice is done for your brother. And I thank you for bringing this to me in such a candid, instead of going straight to the police."

There was some further conversation between them, then, smiling happily, the girl flew into the workshop.

For perhaps ten minutes after that Selwyn Stokes worked in peace. Then the door opened once more and a figure appeared.

It was Marcus Stokes. The young man's disappointed face was white and streaming. "I've come to ask you to forgive me, uncle. Give me one more chance," he began. But with a bellows of rage Selwyn Stokes interrupted him.

"Do you see this, Mr.?" he thundered, throwing the letter in the young man's handwriting which Betty Hanson had brought him.

Marcus Stokes's face went even paler as he realized that the game was up.

"Do you know, uncle?" he said, trembling.

"Yes, I know my nephew is a cunning thief. And if it weren't for the scandal, I'd see you changed places with Jack Hanson in jail. As it is you can go, but you'll leave the country and never let me set eyes on you again. Now, sir, for the last time—get out!"

"Yes—what, are you mad?"

The last words came in a gasp as Marcus Stokes suddenly snatched a little pistol, handled revolver from his pocket and pointed it at his own life's breast.

"No, uncle, it is an uncle as you are," he ground out, his voice sounding like the rattle of ice in a glass. "Now, sir, to realize that the only thing to do is to tell you. This pretty little girl was doing—your last winter as she came out of the workshop. To tell in the game, so she did not hear it. Well, it would not be fair to let her go back to take care of them. She will with she had done so—later. So you're going to cut me out of your will, are you going to punish me from the country?"

His voice rose to a scream as he pointed the trigger of the weapon in his hand. At such point that range it would have been impossible to move. Selwyn Stokes, eyes glaring, stumped forward in his chair.

All this had taken place on the screen of the Time Television and a time back from the crowded court. But at this picture there was an interruption.

Starting at the shadow of the clock that had told Selwyn Stokes that away in the second apartment than another shot rang out at the back of the crowded court.

Those nearest to the spot who had felt it recognized Marcus Stokes himself. But he was beyond their assistance. The bullet was in his lung.

At the same moment the one was all pained and the spirit dimmed.

Before the pressing edition of the *Evening World* was sent off, the news was received that a search by the police of Marcus Stokes's chambers had brought the incriminating letters to light. Why he had not burned them was a mystery.

Those and his suicide were sufficient with the removal of the Time Television to move by itself, and Betty Hanson was immediately released.

The *London Evening World* was able to announce also that, thanks to seeing the events in the screen of the Time Television, the girl Roper had recovered her memory, but it did not tell the world she was very soon to lose her sanity again.

A week later at a quiet little working at St. Clement's, Dorly, she changed it to Mrs. Dorly Dorly.

# Modern

Ideas that are Making  
a New World

## THE "ANTI-CRASH" WING

BY the provision of an auxiliary wing incorporated in the landing gear, an American inventor claims that an airplane would be safeguarded against crashes.

His idea is that this third wing should be so arranged that its pivot can be controlled by the pilot. Its use is so easy. Ordinary lifting power would be increased, of course, and by its help water control take offs would be much easier.

Nevertheless would be eliminated by the use of the extra wing, and among other advantages claimed are that it would cut out the wind run after a landing by being worked as a brake, and that it would act as a piston in the event of a forced landing on water.

*NOTE: An all electric and wire pilot started at Blyth, Northumberland, has a normal output of 1,000 miles a day, which is twice by mechanical energy which is the vehicle and landed on ships.*

## WHEN MILK "COMES QUIET"

TWO large firms are working out of London's milk supplies are making a bid to modernize present-day methods of delivering milk and make it somewhat less disturbing to sleeping customers.

One of these firms has placed an order for all its milk vans after having made experiments in its various towns being over a period of six months.

It is claimed that the vans now being made for this firm do not cost more than the previous ones and are.

Other features of the "Silent Milk" campaign are that housewives can be being overhauled engine equipped with rubber arms, which will bottle containers are now to be used with rubber.

## IMPROVING THE LOCOMOTIVE

CLAIMING to have cut wind resistance by thirty-five per cent., designers at a giant new locomotive for Canadian National Railways have produced an engine very similar to a new British loco.

Each of these in their turn will reduce speeds of the famous E.N.R.R. "Hush-Hush" No. 30,000, which has been running successfully for some years now.

The Canadian loco has sought to give better performance as a result of streamlining and in addition there is a new type



## SCIENCE IN SPORT

SPORTSMEN today are always ready to take up any new gadget which will help them improve their game, and it looks as if the people who can devise clever practice gadgets will be able to keep seeing athletes "start" a lot.

Swimmers in large bath practice cylinders stretch on front of big screens and on the bath side, and form of style are immediately obvious to them.

But the very latest way to learn swimming is by telephone. The pupil wears waterproof headphones and is connected to the instructor by a long length of cable. The instructor has a tiny microphone and a small battery in his hands, and from his vantage point in the bath "phases his instructions to the pupil."

"Under" to improve the feeling of children are now well established.

And now we have an idea for improving your tennis which calls for only a small space. Padded on a back cloth are the markings of one half of a tennis court, so drawn according to the laws of perspective that they look like the real thing. Pupil plays over a net set in front of this back curtain and practice hitting shots hard over the net—and still "in court."

It should be invaluable for developing a devastating and accurate serve.

*NOTE: A Japanese physicist has discovered a process for separating alcohol, stored in it is the kind of fuel, from water.*

## CHECKING RADIO INTERFERENCE

SOMETHING definite is now being done about the problem of electrical household appliances which interfere with the reception of radio broadcasts.

The Institution of Electrical Engineers has set up a special committee to tackle this matter, and the I.E.E.C. is giving the problem its attention.

It is now being realized that statements will probably be required to check the nature of "interference," and steps to produce a satisfactory device are being taken.

In France, the makers of household appliances can be electrically well seen to be required to fit devices to eliminate any interference with radio sets, but unless such devices can be produced cheaply and not thought to use, the new order does not seem to be of much use.

## ELECTRIC EYE v. KIDNAPPERS

SCIENCE is doing its bit to help fight the menace of the kidnapper in the United States.

It is now possible to attach a baby's crib equipped with an electric eye device which sets an alarm ringing when anyone not authorized to do so enters over the crib.

Anyone who interrupts the path of an invisible light ray between an infra-red light and photoelectric cells sets a relay going, and it is then rings the alarm.

# Marvels

Discoveries that are  
Foretelling the Future

## THE "TALKIE" ATTENDANT

THE world's most progressive railway, the London Underground, which has made full use of automatic signaling and safety devices like the Good Man's Machine, has now introduced the Robot Liftman.

When the gates of the automatic lifts are about to close, he speaks: "Stand clear of the gates, please!"

Then, when the gates are closed and the lifts descend deep in the shaft on their way to the lower levels, other "parts" of the robot attendant guard passengers' safety. Should any reckless folk behave as usual, a loud siren is the warning office to give the alarm.

The robot consists of part of a locker box mounted on a trolley on a left above the station. The Robot's "talk" is synchronized with the lifting apparatus, and amplifiers carry the voice to each lift car and in both languages—one of them 45 feet below street level.

*NOTE: An electrically controlled gas flowing plant, to be installed at California's Clyde Iron Works, Glasgow, with four valves takes feet of gas per hour.*

## READING INVISIBLE MESSAGES!

SPIES and secret agents are finding the shapes of science being maintained against them.

The latest is the use of ultra-violet rays to guard the writing of messages in "invisible ink."

Two Glasgow scientists have discovered a means whereby the rays will cause the invisible message to glow brightly so that it can be read or photographed.

But as soon as the rays are moved away from the message paper themselves the writing again disappears—which is a great advantage over previous methods of detecting hidden ink. For these always turned the invisible writing black and prevented the authorities from reformulating the hidden message to its intended recipient without arousing suspicion as to his part.

*NOTE: A new adhesive tape, with a waterproof back cloth, will be ideal for outdoor use, as the original tape white frequent washing is necessary.*

## FUELING THE NON-STOP FLYERS

SIR ALAN COBHAM and Squadron Leader Holman, two of Britain's crack pilots, have developed a really satisfactory means of refueling aeroplanes while in flight.

The method, which is being kept a secret, has only been perfected after months of experiments in the air. Several methods were tried by actual practice to be exceedingly complex.

The new method permits over fifty gallons of petrol being sent down the pipeline per minute and it is also possible to transfer oil and other supplies simultaneously from one machine to the other.

Nowing refueling would mean that these two pilots could confidently hope to reach Australia four days after leaving London, a distance of 12,000 miles.

There "place would leave the ground with a small load of fuel on board, and then be immediately fueled in the air until it had a range of thousands of miles. Then it would head straight away for Australia, filling its tanks from venous feeder planes sent up to fuel it en route.

*NOTE: for the London Melbourne Air Race!*

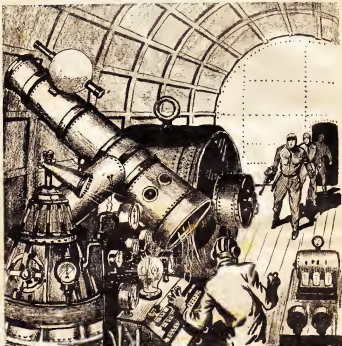


Our latest introduction at the grand new C.N.R. is the "Hush-Hush."

which speaks to itself, the car of the driver's car, thus giving increased visibility.

British's latest loco, "Back of the Sun," is the most powerful passenger engine in the country and propellers have been largely eliminated. It is also interesting to note the fact that this engine has been given two engines set close together and in line. It has a working pressure of 250 lbs. to the square inch.

*NOTE: The fastest framework of the H 181, which started under discussion in 1935, has been ordered in the construction of L.X 120, the new German engine.*



Lewis and his men surged in through the doorway of the laboratory, guns in their hands. "Stop that tapping, will you?" the Police Chief roared at the scientist.

#### ★ THE MESSAGE OF DOOM.

**L**EWIS, the safety of this world of ours trembles in the balance.

The warning telephone glow suffering the waves of the telephone on the desk of the Chief Constable of the English Service of the World Police had faded to a dull grey path and then sharpened into the worried face of the Prime Minister.

At the dramatic words Lewis stepped down the switch which would project his own face upon the other man's instrument. Instantly the Prime Minister began to issue preliminary orders.

"You will go personally to Edinburgh and meet Professor Green," he tapped out. "He has informed me that he will not obey my orders and that he is about to communicate with Venus. He proposes to give the Venusians the data they require for the safe landing of a space ship on the earth. The

Prime Minister expects tell me that they cannot possibly pass his message. I demand they and their instruments. If he insists on his talk as he would when I threatened him with straight-shoot him. His message must not go off. Is that clear?"

"It is so," returned Lewis.

A tall, broad shouldered young officer, with curly hair, was set in a strong, broad face, he looked to the different and dangerous. The Prime Minister seemed to derive confidence from his talk with him, and the astronomer's face was distinctly less worried as it blazed and then disappeared, leaving the screen blank.

"Take charge in my absence, Jackson," snapped Lewis as he moved to a console, who was seated at a table studying various other waves of the criminal quarter of the district through an observational telescope.

"Yes, sir," you don't believe in the Venusians, do you?" he asked, grinning.

"I should say that all they isn't all there, and the Venusians are all back."

Lewis made no reply now. To give a non-committal grin. He slipped on his finger ring into his pocket and lightened the red ribbon belt which attached to electric shock-proof uniform of pliable and porous reinforced canvas steel. He walked towards the wall, thus interrupting an invisible ray. Instantly a light panel shut sideways. Reaching a lift, now which he stopped.

He stepped into the lift and pressed the sound waves of his voice, conveyed to electric signals which activated the lift mechanism, and the lift shooting up wards. It reached the window of a side to the roof in a few seconds and Lewis sprang out.

The roof of the Central Police House resembled a miniature meadow, with its rows of single and two-water atmosphere plants. "I have and the larger atmospheric plants to grow at lower altitudes. In that

# Annihilationfrom VEENUS

by a scientist on the terrestrial  
the Venusians attack the Earth in  
a ray-protected space ship. Only  
g can destroy the Venusians—and  
a man alone knows the secret

N. TALBOT

tered racks were gleaming E-bombs and F  
torpedoes and other equipment used by the  
police in these war on crime.

Two flying police in their sleek-pod wind-  
downs stopped in attention as Lewis walked  
up to them.

"I want an inspector, four men, and three  
two-centers at once," ordered Lewis.  
"Equip one plane with a fire-ray and gun,  
Whose the dispatch captain? Look lively,  
now."

Men came bustling out of the guard house,  
and in a few minutes, seven and his men  
were seated in the scaled cockpit of three  
two-centers. The machine tilted nose up-  
ward as their supporting platforms hovered to  
the dispatch captain's voice. Flares  
beamed from the rocket exhausts of the  
planes and they shot up into the lower  
fringes of the atmosphere, and then, at an  
altitude of one mile, whirled away into  
the night, at a speed of nearly hundred miles  
an hour.

Far below Lewis, dimly visible through  
the transparent metal observation panel in  
the cockpit floor, was the mighty city of  
London, a wonderful blaze of light stretching  
from the River coast up to the Midlands.  
Beneath the police plane, hanging to the  
lower altitudes pointed down by law, were  
the electric planes, surging as one from the  
great fountains of the Round the World  
Transport Company to the tiny motor models  
of the test school zone, the latter more  
streamlined of light as they shot across the sky.

Lewis nodded as he saw one speeding  
along at nearly eight hundred miles an hour,  
he tapped out a message, directed into his  
plane's transmitter, asking what the police  
headquarters patrol plane were doing out to  
drop down on the sky box and arrest him.

"Crash at all speed, urgent," he added,  
turning to his own pilot. "We are on the  
most desperate mission imaginable."

He knew that within the Professor's mes-  
sage to Venus was trapped, the mighty Ma-  
trix-like belief, with its hundred million  
inhabitants and its quarter of a mile high sky  
scrapers, with a sword running level with  
every fifth story, might soon be a mass of  
winding wreckage. After London the six  
great cities—Manchester, Edinburgh, Phoeni-  
cia, Cardiff, Dublin, and Cork—each with  
their suburbs, covered the whole of the  
British Isles, would doubtless be blasted out  
of existence.

Do you remember, Inspector, how many  
years ago a Professor Dorn carried Europe  
by covering the old twentieth century idea  
out massive strange warlike waves come  
from another planet?" he asked.

"Yes, chief," replied the inspector.

"Later on he claimed that messages were  
coming from Venus. I remember how the  
World Press started him. He used to speak  
messages from Venus. Hence, once a week,  
and about the conditions and the conditions  
from us to them. Why, he used to claim  
that he could speak to and understand the  
Venusians. Then he suddenly shut up like  
an oyster."

"That was because he wouldn't explain  
his technique for communicating with  
Venus," explained Lewis. "Naturally even  
the few people who believed in him thought  
him an impostor. He had a son with the  
Brotherhood at Scientific, resigned from  
membership at Science House, and refused to  
say another word."

"Until yesterday, chief," and the inspec-  
tor. "Didn't you hear his broadcast from  
the Northern Press House? He said the  
Venusians had built a space ship and were  
coming to earth as soon as he had sent them  
certain data they required to make a safe  
landing."

"It's not going to be real," said Lewis  
grimly. "What he said yesterday so im-  
pressed the Brotherhood of Scientists that  
they sent a detachment to the Power Machine  
planting one that the Venusians might easily  
wipe out all mankind and occupy the Earth  
as a colony on this earth planet. According  
to the Professor's old articles (the planet is  
temporarily overcrowded, anyway, the  
P.M. ordered the Professor to hold up his  
messages until the Brotherhood of Scientists  
had gone into the matter and the Professor  
refused to say any word until he was finally  
made over to the police, I believe. We are  
not way in being late to his senses."

As he spoke the three police planes came  
to rest, the leading spacecraft, outside the  
tail transparent air bell, was occupied by the  
aged scientist in Aberdeen, the northernmost  
works of Edinburgh. The three spacecraft  
which of steel proof this were in position,  
and the house was dark, save for a single  
tubular light glowing above the door  
interceptor.

"Open."

Lewis tapped out the order, but the door  
remained shut. From the headquarters com-  
partment of the spacecraft came a harsh,  
urgent tone.

"Go away!" it commanded curtly. "I  
cannot be disturbed. I am busy."

"He must get on at once," snapped Lewis  
to his son. "The old camp is probably  
being talking to Venus right now, the with  
that FRA gun. Look sharp, now."

The Fire-Ray had gun, which always ac-  
crued Lewis of the abstract machine gun  
created by one of his inventions, was hois-  
tled from a plane and he turned right on  
the door. The inspector squatted down on  
the operator's platform seat and gapped the  
firing lever.

"Get a service out of the door, officer,"  
commanded Lewis. "Let her up."

A thin pencil of white incandescence ap-  
peared from the muzzle of the FRA gun, and  
the mixture of electric waves, x-rays and  
antimatter, and "heavy hydrogen" telephone,  
and vapor, ate into the metal door as a hot  
knife would cut into butter. Within twenty  
seconds the job was finished. A great cloud  
of metal, mostly cut out of the door, slung  
to the ground.

Tanning to order his men to follow him,  
Lewis became aware that a fourth plane had  
dropped in earth beside the police machines.  
The pilot, a young man in the blue and yellow  
uniform of the Northern Press House news-

man, was watching operations with interest.

"You hear her?" snapped Lewis loudly.

"Yes indeed, now with your men up  
everything. There's nothing here for you."

The young newsman gave a knowing look  
the police but saying follow with a sign, red  
hat and close the eyes. His lower face  
well and got on well with him, in spite of  
deserted news.

"Don't you believe it, he said." There's

plenty here for Tim Lee. Say, old Gey  
kipped me all that the Venusians will be here  
in three days' time. He said the world had  
been working at him long enough, and he was  
going to teach people to get at their better  
sides, I handled all his weekly messages a  
year ago, and I know a lot about the  
Venusians. I'll tell you. I'll tell you.

"You talk too much," said Lewis. "Make  
yourself useful and show us the way to  
Gey's laboratory."

His men urged into the house after him.  
Tim Lee knew the house from previous  
visits, and he led them to the scientist's  
laboratory.

The door was unlocked, revealed to Lewis  
a room, a two-panel sliding door to disclose a  
barned place. Lewis peered in through the  
opaque translucent bars and saw Professor  
Gey, clad in a red rubber suit, working at a  
wires, fragments of an animal type. He was  
busy tapping out, as a profile looking  
keyhole, his message to the Venusians.  
The whirring of demands whirled to the  
air, and blaring flashes of color flame flared  
between the finger electrodes of a strange  
instrument whose function was unknown to  
the police chief.

He was taking no chances. Landing his  
electric ray revolver through the grille he  
barked out a sharp command.

"Take your hands from that keyboard,"  
he roared. "Put 'em where your head, and  
open that door."

The scientist showed no surprise at the  
presence of the police, for he had observed that  
every movement on the screen of his  
observational telescope ever since they had  
started to cut their way through his front  
door.

"You will stay outside," he said, negotiat-  
ing the machine with a click and. "You  
will sit on your seat, but you'll die if you try  
to interfere with me."

He looked one of the venetians on his  
bench, making the door slide open, with his  
other hand he retreated to top and the mes-  
sage that Lewis had come to intercept.

Lewis and his men surged in through the  
doorway. Lee stood behind. He wanted  
to destroy the scientist from whom he hoped  
to get a story like on, and to say one he  
could see very well from where he was.

"Stop that tapping, will you?" roared  
Lewis.

Professor Gey's eyes blazed, but he tried  
his long thin fingers from the keyboard.

"I'm going to bring the Venusians to  
Earth, and they are quite capable of wiping  
out mankind, my friend," he roared. "I  
have been a fighting man too long, but now  
it's my turn to laugh. The little message  
plane has been sent for the last time they  
could hang about the only professor and his  
Venusians. They, and anyone else, will be  
singing to another bar three days hence,  
I'm going to teach my readers at I teach  
them something against the Venusians,  
in whose evidence they refuse to believe."

His fingers went to the keyboard again.  
Lewis shook himself free from a kind of  
hypnotic trance emanating from Gey's  
pinning eyes. He raised his electric re-  
volver.

## The Arrival of the Venusians

"Take your fingers from that thing or it will be shattered when I speak at it," he said.

Professor Grey bared his teeth in a snarl and shrugged one hand to a snicker. Even as he seemed to ease with a click the police shot round snarled in his eyes and tightened his finger on the trigger of his electric ray revolver. He was a spit second too late. A tremendous sheet of violet flame shot up from floor to ceiling, bathing the police in a hailstorm of electric fire. Against it their shock-proof uniforms proved useless.

They pulled suddenly into strange twisted attitudes, then were hurled to the floor, their uniforms ripped from them in ribbon-like strips. Tim Lee was hurled backwards from the doorway with what seemed like millions of needle-pointed daggers stabbing at his spine.

Long minutes passed while power crept slowly back into his limbs, and all the time Grey's fingers flew over his keyboard. Just as Lee dragged himself painfully erect, Grey, too, stood up.

"My message to Venus is finished," he said, with complacency.

Tim Lee was staring before him at the distorted faces of the electrostatic poles of the machine.

"You feel?" he managed to gasp through trembling lips.

"They're not dead," sneered Grey.

"They'll recover in twenty-four hours, with due hospital care. And now, young man, write down in your notebook that Professor Edwin Agarve Grey, the greatest scientist of the twenty-first century, has succeeded the first time in reaching Venus, and that three hours' stop will lead to London three days hence, at or about sunset on the 24th September, A.D. 2152."

He gave a smiling laugh and moved over to the window.

"Open!" he cried into the microphone, and the metal shutters rolled back, disclosing to Tim the packed skyscrapers of Outer Eldorado.

"Go and tell the people who dwell in this city of space men, that they are to have their friends from Venus and other cities, that dwell in space, to visit them in their own space." He continued, while the newsmen fanned his trailing fingers to take down the words. "I am going into being, but I'll catch what goes on through my observational television. It will be interesting to study the Venusians at close quarters. Now I'll laugh at it with those who have jested at me struggling to cope with them. My machine will be lagging as we three headed races to destroy the Venusians, but I shall be in time to do so."

He paused, and Tim Lee stared at him with astonishment.

"Do you know how the Venusians may be destroyed, then?" he asked. "They are far ahead of us in scientific knowledge, according to your Press tales of a year ago, and—"

"I know that," sneered Grey. "But I'm one thing that sticks death to them, and they are not strong against it in spite of all their science. I'm the only man who knows what it is. In Venus they have billions of it at the very center of the planet. I have warned them that it does not exist on Earth, but it does, and when the time comes I shall destroy them with it—if the Prime Minister and the Council of States beg me kindly to do so."

"But surely you won't see your fellow men slaughtered just so," pleaded Tim Lee.

"You said so, and whether I want," sneered Grey. "And I want you that the Venusians won't come in peace. They are avaricious little creeps to make this Earth a crony of Venus."

He reminded on Tim Lee when the latter seemed his protestations against his cold plan to lead his warlike party to so dreadful a way.

"I did not electrocute you, Lee," said Grey coldly. "I partly because you believed

in me when others mocked, but mostly because I want you to broadcast my message to the Earth. Do not presume on my good nature. You have your story. Go away and broadcast it, Grey."

He looked a curlew on his beach morning, and Tim Lee recoiled. It seemed to him that there was a hint of madness in Grey's wildly staring eyes, and that the moment a hand had become unbalanced by the desire to which he had been subjected.

"I'll be off at once, sir," he stammered, and the Professor gave a sardonic laugh as the newsmen rolled out of the door, his legs still twitching from the shock he had received.

One face of the house Tim Lee dashed to the nearest telephone booth and got through to the police. He reported what had happened, then returned with a squad of ground men to witness and report Grey's arrest.

But the old man had disappeared. The laboratory was empty save for Lewis and his men who were hurried away to hospital his treatment.

Next morning's first news transmission from Paris thence carried alarm in sufficient houses. People looked for the first time that Grey was no impostor, but a wicked and revengeful man. He was then, too, for in spite of continuing attempts to find and arrest him he remained at large.

That evening, at sunset, the great pleasure parks of London were crowded with people staring at the evening sun that hung low in the west. It seemed impossible to them that death should be creeping in any secret space from so beautiful an sun.

The atmosphere upon all interested in the beauty of Venus. In their great observatories they turned their telescopes upon it and gazed at the clouds that constantly hid its surface from them, and they tried to conjecture what sort of beings lived in its warm, water-saturated atmosphere.

In the cups and every National Council House the Prime Minister conferred earnestly with his colleagues and with Lewis, who had taken him in to drink, was the subject of the golden-age to deliver the Earth against the Venusians. Tim Lee was present, for his red-headed reporter ignorance of the Venusians that any man alive, except the missing Professor.

The National Council listened to the grammatical records of Grey's address as given over the transmission service of the World Press and regarded automatically for future destruction. Unfortunately, the address had been given when Grey had known all the facts of the Venusians. Because of the machinery devoted against him he had ceased to give them just when he was beginning to learn important things about the people of Venus. Tim Lee knew more than was on the records, but only very little.

"We are up against a stiff proposition," said the Prime Minister when the list seemed had been taken. "We have no professional men, as they had in other times, and the World Press are organized for dealing with small groups of criminals rather than for facing an invasion on a large scale, particularly by beings of whom we know little. But every thing that can be done, will be done."

"You are wrong, sir," said Lewis, realizing that the eyes at the assembly were on him. "As soon as the space ship lands it will be received by our largest FRA guns and at the first sign of hostility it will be blasted and destroyed."

The Prime Minister's face cleared a little.

"I think we may have our defense in the very capital line of our police chief," he observed. "I do want to impress the Venusians, not to make sure the pull into which the world's vanity of a potentially dangerous planet has plunged us. Don't relax your efforts to arrest him. This newsmen has reported that Grey knows how to destroy the Venusians. Get hold of him and have that information out of him before the Venusians arrive."

## THE PURPLE BOWL

It was the early evening of the 24th of September, A.D. 2152. A pleasant autumn day had given way to an equally delightful evening, with a clear blue sky and a warm south west wind.

In London the tall skyscraper roofs were jammed with people. The vast pleasure park in Central London was crowded with a throng of millions. Even in the distant suburbs of Brighton, Margate, Cambridge, and Newbury every living soul was out of doors. Young and old stood up into the sky, eager, though fearful, to see the expected space ship, now due to arrive.

In the London Police House picked men with the largest FRA guns available sat on the scaled rooftops of crowded places, ready, on receipt of Lewis's radio call, to converge on the spot ship. These duty men to crew an all round and have their FRA guns mounted in a circle round the ships landing place about before it had reached their berth.

A few bold spirits continued to poke about the Venusians, but all people were generally contented with the shining slabs of "plasma" from the sky. Most of them had been asked to keep it clear; the only plasma visible were the police machines, more than a few that patrolled the sky, two miles above the expected clouds.

The Chief of Police flew in a heavily armed helicopter equipped with two powerful FRA guns. In the cockpit was Tim Lee, who questioned cautiously concerning the Venusians. The red-headed newsmen looked his best, trying to read every scrap of information Professor Grey had given him additional to the published tale.

The sun was sinking lower, and Venus above cut with enhanced lustre. The whole evening was peaceful. It was the hoped ending of a lovely autumn day, and it seemed impossible that anything untoward should happen.

Then, with startling suddenness, a blacking flash at up the darkening horizon. Long seconds passed in which the millions lurched to their feet. The silence was followed by an appalling crash, like a thousand pounds of thunder blundered into one. The very air vibrated, throwing people off their balance, while the police plasma were tossed about in the sky like feathers in a puff of wind.

There was another blinding flash and a second shattering combination of sound. Quick and fast came flash after flash and crash after crash, until the watching people closed their eyelids and pressed their heads over their ears.

It was the Venusian space ship from off the machine that served as ladder to check its landing, descended inch towards the Earth.

Then, from the great crowd that covered the fifteen thousand square miles of London came a gasp of terror and awe and millions of voices, merging into a single shout, seemed to be the great voice of nature, London.

"The Venusians!"

Right above the panting police planes a steadily round of glowing metal had appeared and was falling rapidly through the stratosphere. It was at transonic speed to be visible at such a height.

It was only when up, and higher, among it in the stream of its turbulent air, appeared ship after ship appearing against its upper sky. He had expected the space ship to come down to Earth with a tremendous splash, but it did not, and the panting planes continued on it as it penetrated the stratosphere. Now it could be seen that the little dots were four cars of shining helioplans.

Down and down the space ship dropped until at length it was barely two miles above the huge Central Park, one and seeming to be vertically above the remaining pool just

## London's Millions Watch

broke the Mammouth borders, while the other landed vertically above the little Tower of London, where it rested in the shadow of the tall skyscrapers lining the eastern edge.

It could be seen that the space ship was shaped like a flattened cigar. It was fully five hundred yards from end to end and fifty yards across at the widest part of the hull. It resembled like the surface of a soap bubble, swarming beautiful tons of green and violet and crimson dissolving into one another and appearing elsewhere. At the tapering ends were the rocket tubes which had contained the explosive fuel that had hurled the space ship upwards from Venus on its 17,000,000 mile journey, and the smaller ones that had enabled its terrific downward rush to the Earth to be checked.

Beyond these tubes and the rows of flashing heliostats nothing seemed the sleek, thought creature of the moment, which, to the awe-struck Londoners, seemed to fill the sky.

Already many under its shelter chose they were only too ready to depart from the park in obedience to the police command which issued from the park headquarters. They streamed into the nearest streets, leaving the park empty and parking the overcrowded taxis and carriages, for it was impossible for them to force their way up and out into the crowded streets.

The space ship continued to fall gently down, and Lewis daringly drove his glass close up under its belly. He was able to detect numerous dull disc-shaped patches which did not fluoresce and these he rightly surmised to be observational discs of thin parent metal.

His men were playing their parts perfectly. From the Police Houses the armoured 'planes had already landed in the park in obedience to his wireless summons. They dropped to Earth all round the park just inside its boundary walls. Also huddled out from the sidewalks and crowded their FRA guns at the command, aiming

the whole lot the open centre of the park where there alone was room for the great space rocket to land.

The Venusians, however, appeared to be so nervous. They brought their vessel to rest about a quarter of a mile up, and there for half an hour it remained motionless, with the police 'planes circling patiently round it.

It was quite dark now, but a dense power of sun-flashes played on it, while huge floodlights made the park as light as day.

Lewis's millions waited and watched in silence, the very hand of time grasping them as they stared at the strange visitor from Venus. What manner of beings were inside it? How had they staid the awful journey through the black void of space? Would they make peaceful overtures or would they begin, as the Professor had prophesied, to kill and destroy?

There were a few of the gendarmes that passed from man to man, and the officers passed on that the police 'planes were firing. Lewis noted the space ship without inter-



FRA guns flaring, the police 'plane drove down at the bulk of the space ship from Venus. To Lewis's amazement the gleaming metal which encased the vessel remained unaffected by the police bombardment.



## Can it be DONE?

Our Popular Inventions  
Series

By striking a vast area was destroyed, and Lewis took off with a squadron of eleven bombers. Between them they dashed tons of bombs which were to be dropped on the Central Park.

Lewis felt more cheerful than he had done for some days when he found himself in a battle up with his squadron against the V-formation and London, the London. From above, the purple bowl in the Central Park looked like a cigarette ship beside that had sailed over the space ship without landing. Outside the space ship were the tiny figures of the Venusians as they worked at various metal machines and structures.

Lewis wanted no time studying them through his binoculars. He stepped an order up to his headquarters.

Within sixty seconds the eleven bombers went behind him and following him as he headed in a direction that would take him right over the Venusian vessel. He knew that he was high up for accurate bombing, but he wanted to keep well out of range of the area ray and had chosen experienced officers who had previously shown that they knew how to work the dimensional bomb-throwing mechanism faithfully.

Roni Lewis saw the purple bowl in the center of his telescope bomb ray sights.

A bunch of a billion, and a hour's wait crashing down.

A hundredweight of high explosive met the top of the purple bowl and exploded with a colossal blast of flame and sound.

Lewis gave a grin wide, but it froze on his face when he peered down again. He could not express a cry of sheer amazement. The purple bowl was intact and the space ship inside it unscathed. A hundredweight of explosive had failed to penetrate a fix of purple light. It was incredible.

Angrily Lewis uttered a curt order and down he sped over the purple bowl again. It was followed by his squadron, and their complete load of bombs that of explosive went crashing down in powder such as in terms of destruction and pulverizing, shattering thunder that the great skyscrapers round the park shuddered and shook. Above and above a possibly-built building split and crashed in ruins while scores of roofs fell in and millions of panes of glass were shattered.

Tenacious as Venusians toward Lewis's planes about like withered leaves in an autumn gale. The pilots had no time for anything but keeping them to control.

When Lewis looked down again he gasped. There was this purple bowl and the space ship as intact as ever, though all round the bowl the park was blasted and torn, with gaping canyons from which smoke ascended and great mounds of smoking dirt and earth.

It was so staggering that it numbed Lewis's brain.

But he had no time to marvel. The Venusians were all looking skyward. From the mass of the space ship came the brown and brown streaking sparks.

Lewis's commander might have to look after himself. The two rays might have a longer range than he had allowed for, lightning the line of bombers broke, the planes spreading away in all directions, twisting, diving, and angling to avoid the area ray. Before they got out of range it had snapped right at them, striking them to Earth, the planes flaming off in their wake. But only the tanks as hard and solid as granite.

It was therefore with three new only that Lewis returned to report that the mysterious purple bowl was a protective shield though which high explosive could not penetrate.

Later in that afternoon he definitely showed right up to it, on the side of the space ship, reports from the Venusians. It was as far as it could be seen and as solid as iron, yet it seemed to be as thin as a sheet of paper. Reflected he withdrew.

Later still he had the jungle land bombarded by long distance V-1's gone without effect, except that the Venusians became angered and brought into play a modification



It may not be very long before the news is broadcast by vision instead of the spoken or written word. Rather than "Can it be done?" we might well ask "When will it be done?"

of the area ray that sent a shudder of fear throughout the whole country.

The new London beam of brilliant light emerged this time not from the nose of the space rocket but from an automatic direction control just outside it, and the beam was not dead straight, but curved. It now towards the sky, clearing the skyscraper tops, then curved back to Earth again.

It struck Princeton Hill, instantly reducing the temperature to zero. The Venusians seeing the generating plant raised as a rule, and the rest of the beam except from Princeton Hill up to Highway and then an direct path. Now and then a line of light through Franklin the and flames up to Baltimore and then Wallace Grove, where it went southwards through Kensington and on round to Princeton Hill again.

The Venusians elevated the beam. Geometric fraction of a degree and swung it round again, aiming towards with a second ray of red, just outside the first, and with Duke Newington, Dobson, and Johnson as its weak shockwaves.

Erratic warbles, messages from these machines signified Lewis of what was happening, and he realized that the Venusians could remain within the purple bowl, where nothing would harm them, and gradually wipe out all living creatures in the country.

Seeing at his desk in Police Headquarters, Lewis asked his brain for a way of coming in spite with the Venusians. Struck by an

idea, he telephoned the Science House and asked for experts to be sent to study the moving bowl of purple light and to try to find a way to blast it away. It seemed to him that if that could be done he might be able to lead a charge of police on to the Venusians and get at them before they could retreat into the space ship. Then he telephoned the inspector in charge of the search for Professor Gray, and learned that the scientist was still at large.

He was wondering whether he would penetrate the purple bowl and trying with the idea of making a gas attack on the Venusians when a morning helicopter glider sailed the screen of his television. A dull gray patch appeared, then sharpened into the outlined face of Tim Lee, the red-haired policeman whom Lewis had met when saw the first attack on the space rocket.

"Gosh, chief, I've found him," said Lee.

"Who?" yelled Lewis, leaping to his feet. "Not—not that!"

"Yes and it!" returned Lee. "He's in London, living in a kind of hut on a skyscraper roof. I'm on a telephone book in the street below. Come along quickly and he's yours. Come to Top Cadogan Avenue."

Immediately Lewis sprang into action. He slipped on orders, and was first to clear them. It was a matter of seconds before he was on the scene, a matter of minutes before he was with Lee on the topmost of the five

## Storming the Purple Bowl

Calvary Avenue. The newcomer was in contact with equipment and could only point to the door of a nearby building.

Levin opened for it, his suspicion and speed of calculation behind him. They crawled into the lift and tumbled out on to the roof.

"There you are," pointed Lew. "He's in that place. I saw him go in from across the street."

He pointed to a square, but like creature in the middle of the apertures roof. It seemed to be a great cube of lead with no other visible.

"How can we get in?" demanded Lew, as Levin came to a halt after studying round it.

"You can't, you poor fools," came the startling reply in a high-pitched, tremulous voice, which Levin recognized as that of Gray. It was followed by a snoring laugh. The professor was addressing them via a hidden radio.

"Here I am, and here I stay," he continued. "The men may not harm me, my friends, for that but as built as the vacuum flask principle. It can focus outside, but I'll be warm and snug inside. You can't get at me, for under the leaden exterior is a two-inch thickness of the same metal as the Vennians have used to build their little rockets. Your ERA guns could blast a hole through that, Lewie."

He cackled with laughter, while Levin ground his teeth in a fury at his lips.

"Why is this detestable little creature covered with lead?" continued Gray. "Ah, my poor fool, that is my little mystery. Solve it and you'll know how to destroy the Vennians. By the way I shouldn't stay here too long. I have a little apparatus with me which is another way that would kill any Vennian creature within two miles of me, and you can stand there very long."

As though to confirm his words one of Levin's men pitched forward, but on his face in a flash. Levin himself felt sick and dizzy. Sparks came in front of his eyes, and his blood pounded in his temples like the beating of a hammer.

"Here—get back from this box," roared Levin. "There's some sort of a ray emanating from it. It is dangerous to touch and death in the Vennians if Gray speaks the truth, and I think he is so we haven't got better enough to solve his little mystery that he was speaking the truth."

The police pulled away from the vicinity of the box and climbed down through a sky lift.

As they did so a policeman came up to the lift and asked Levin.

"A method of making a breach in the purple bowl has been worked out, sir," he said.

"So soon?" cried Levin. "Good work! We'll attack the Vennians right now before they render themselves even more impenetrable. Hesperite, I leave you in charge here until Chief Constable Constable arrives. I shall relieve him immediately on being Science House alerted, and between you and me, you must either find out of that hot or solve his little mystery. Good-bye, my friends. It is your responsibility that Gray does not escape from this hot and snappy you. Is this clear?"

"It is, sir," returned the respect, smiling.

Writing to minutes Levin was back at Police Headquarters. A white-headed professor, one of a group of expert physicists from the Science House, explained to him that they had discovered that the purple bowl was an electrical phenomenon, and that they could direct an invisible beam of electric pulsation at it, thereby producing an invisible breach through which a man might pass.

"That'll do me," said Levin. "I'll lead a squad of picked men into the bowl, and we'll wipe the Vennians out. Believe me, what a Northern Peace House creature

has told me, that they are amenable to attack by electric methods."

"In my opinion they are amenable," was the grave reply from the Science House professor. "But they may not be so amenable as human beings."

"We'll have to risk the odds being against us," returned Levin.

He chose twenty-four men to accompany him into the bowl, picking them with care. To any of the casual he estimated the task of charging straight into the space ship with explosive which was to be dropped there and exploded from outside. The remainder of his men were to fall on the Vennians and slatter them with their electric revolvers.

It will be your revolvers against the Vennians' ten gas pistols," said Levin. "Remember what I've said about your armor and light like with care."

The storming party came up to the purple bowl with the great space ship between them and the unmovable Vennians who were huddling at what appeared to be a large, tank-like vehicle of the same metal as the space ship. In it there would be able to charge from the purple bowl and, safe from the most powerful ERA gun, carry death and destruction abroad. Levin possessed himself grimly that within a few minutes one Vennian was going to be alive to rue it.

One by one his men crept through the terrible gap in the purple bowl where position they had to maintain by force.

Within a dark and creeping glow London, the bowl of it was as light as day owing to the mysterious glimmering light that permeated the strong, organized atmosphere. No such rays was present that the blood began to come with enhanced outflows through each man's nose. Levin noticed that his men had blithely brushed them and as their blood in their eyes. He would have been more than twenty feet away, but he had judged that too many would get into one another's way, whereas a compact little storming party might easily carry all before them in one unopposed charge.

He gave the signal, and his men rushed there was across the gaps until they lay against the metal side of the space ship. They stood close to the entrance hole. A soft light seemed Levin that they were eager and ready for the command that would lead them to the Vennians.

"Get ready," he uttered crisply. "Go—"

As one man the storming party burst in and the nose of the space ship with a roar. In a split second the light was on.

But men stood for an opening in the space ship and dashed into it—battered with the explosives. They got in unopposed, for not one Vennian had drawn his arm or pistol. Levin took up a position with his back to the opening through which the explosion sound had disappeared.

He gripped up his revolver and fired a Vennian, sending him jerking spasmodically to the ground. He was the first Vennian to be killed, but as the great, unmovable by the presence of his men.

But the men were finding none, each waiting on a steady beam of bluish light which automatically from any man type whom it perceived. It was on a visible light to see the policeman, and Vennians also taking cover behind the rigid, upstanding bodies of the men who victims.

Levin saw a Vennian taking aim at him and put up his revolver. The Vennian started to go down, but the men from his pistol caught Levin's elbow. A probing pain shot up his arm, and his revolver clattered to the ground. As he dived to recover it he saw a potent Vennian stagger to his feet and join in the fight again.

A generation of disaster surged through Levin as he saw another electrified Vennian scramble to his feet and begin to fight again. The Science House engineer had spoken the truth. The Vennians were not so amenable to electric methods as human beings. Instead of being killed at

statements they were only paralyzed long for minutes.

The charged light went on. Levin and his men fought, like dragons, but without order and square like with the very a flash death to a policeman, the full light found an electric revolver merely put a Vennian out of action for a few minutes. Moreover the Vennians could resist such a force as forces in length. Indeed the men of those of their opponents who as they had fought at a rigid stance.

Into the space ship," Levin roared and dived.

"Retreat to me, fighting as you go," his men heard him and obeyed. Some went forward and still, remaining behind to breathe safety for the Vennians, but the storming reached Levin alive and dived into the space ship. Levin staggered behind to look back the Vennians. He eyed them, then took a new ray across the ship. A pain like that from a red hot poker reached him. Keeping thing went steady. He was barely conscious of hands scriving him from behind and jolting him backwards. Then his senses left him.

When Gray returned to him he found him not in the nose hole of the space ship, a vast, dimly chamber crowded with intricate electrical apparatus. There were now six policemen with him. One he recognized as a member of the explosion squad.

"I'm the only survivor, sir," said the man. "We captured the Vennians in the rocket and captured them, then started to drag our explosives. Belated as the Vennians tried to escape, for they couldn't move us with the new ray. I just managed to fight my way free. Now we are bottled up in this cabin."

"How many Vennians are there in this space ship?" demanded Levin weakly. The man in his ribs and chest was gasping.

"Ten down at least, sir," was the reply.

"They are outside the two ends from the cabin."

"There are about fifty outside the space ship, sir," said a grinning, anxious man peering out through a transparent panel.

"He hasn't killed a single one of them, but we can get all spent. They are playing their big gun on our head and round the base of the purple bowl. They must have guessed we came through a breach in it and are stopping anyone else from entering."

Levin gestured to the man. They rushed him up and helped him to stagger to the observational panel. For an instant the world face of a Vennian peered into the cabin from outside. Behind him were other Vennians.

In one hand the Vennian held an instrument that was something like an old time pointer's long lamp. He raised it and directed its muzzle at one corner of the panel. Nothing moved visibly from the muzzle, but Levin saw a hole appear in the panel. The hole became a brightening line. The Vennian was slowly eating a section out of the panel.

Behind him the other Vennians levelled their own gas pistols.

Levin stared motionless at him men. They were against fifty and unarmed, for their electric revolvers were spent.

"It's only a matter of seconds now, sir," said Levin. "We'd better take cover quickly now if these Vennians can still see us."

"I can't grab any more pistols—"

He paused, for the Vennians had suddenly scattered from outside the observational panel. Levin stared through it with gaping jaw. The Vennians were rushing drunkenly about in the cabin. Some had fallen from their feet and were thrashing and flopping about like newly landed fish.

That was all.

Advancing towards the space ship were six robots.

The mechanical men came steadily forward, directed by their cameras from out.

(Continued in column one of next page)

Continuing . . .

## Onslaught from Venus

"In the purple haze, Lewis could see the flash smothered on the ground with his radio set. Every time the red ray swung round he went flat on his face, only to rise again when it had passed.

The robots faltered as the red ray passed across them, but they pushed forward again afterwards. The intense cold appeared to have no lasting effect upon their steel sinews and muscles and the electric waves that formed their life blood.

A few yards from the space ship they halted, standing motionless amidst the swirling Venusian.

Lewis could hardly believe his eyes. The Venusians were alive, fair. Their features became clearer and shrewder, and soon they lay still, prone amidst the rapid, outstanding bushes of the frozen polverine.

Whilst the Venusians died the steel robots sprayed them with a scorching liquid, drove toxic tanks stamped in their shoulders and delivered through short rubber hose pressed with splintered spears.

From the space ship emerged further Venusians. They moved about on the grass like long serpents, then they lay, stark dead and did not move again by the robots.

At a sign from Lewis two Venusians at their feet from the observational post and completed what the Venusians had started. They broke out a certain large enough for flight, only through.

Thomas was bitterly cold, owing to the intense pressure from the walls of the space ship, surrounded by strong, rapid and round hurricanes, blowing on the base of the purple haze. The prisoners felt a scorching paralysis creeping over them, and a voice in command they knew from a film, "Lewis, nothing with them, it's during these times they begin through the systems in the purple haze and scattered away."

"What if we were lost of the red ray, they are it to stare back them."

Inside the purple haze the glowing light made it as light as day. It was an extraordinary which mark Lewis shoulder. Between the frozen polverine by the dead Venusians with the robots standing over them and spraying them with liquid, and in the background was the space ship with the red ray from its nose circling endlessly round the base of the purple haze.

Whilst Lewis gaped, he felt a hand grip his elbow. Turning he stared into the eyes of a form of Lee and Jackson, his words to command.

"By gods, Lewis! I'm glad we were in time," cried Lee as he wrung the police chief's hand. "I've seen those people some nobler Gey's little wonders. He said and they had done so and now charging out. He raped a couple of them, and then Jackson got him."

"But what was his mystery?" demanded Lewis. "What caused the death of those Venusians?" What are the robots creating these dead bodies with?"

The main material that Gey had pointed over the outside of his back had, he said, and Jackson. "Radiant Amiable. The lead was to protect him from the gamma rays, because of the gamma rays he would have been safe from the Venusians. Apparently they can't stand those rays of heat distances. The gamma rays, passing from the radiant Amiable on Gey's back, would have been lost if you hadn't spotted the mystery."

"Sure it would," broke in Lee. "Well, chief, we got our robots and painted us with radiant Amiable and sent us in through the bushes in the purple haze, and the gamma rays coming from them soon scorch the Venusians. They went down like flies in a blast of flame. And it makes sure they are really dead; the robots are waiting on a solution of radiant Amiable."

# The Black Vultures

**IN THE PAST AGE** Pirates were the Terror of the Seven Seas. Here is a story of Pirates of To-morrow, a visionary tale of raiders from the clouds using all the wonders of modern science and mechanics.

## \* ZOROSTER GIVES IN

SOUTHWALLS thundered the mighty storm, flying high above the cloud belt, and came and again the beautiful gate of Schaff, the pilot, turned to the feet gages on the dashboard in front of him.

Zoroaster had retired to his cabin, and suddenly Schaff turned to Ron Goad, the second pilot.

"Tell Zoroaster I won't kill!" he said. "Fortunately, I find it just, it is respect a few minutes later at the back of the leader of the Black Vultures."

"What do you want?" demanded Zoroaster harshly of Schaff.

"It is hopeless going on to London!" said Schaff. "I have already said you. We have not the fuel. If you persist in looking London without first of all, at one deposit on the Tropic Peninsula we will never reach the depot on the eastern gateway. It is imperative that we swing southward now to the Tropic Peninsula."

"You can't see through the clouds," said Zoroaster. "I tell you I find the clouds the walls and the mists—no! I'll go back at the gages!" said Schaff. "What else do I do but take a new orientation in the entire world, we are now flying. We are looking more but then we have turned on the previous trip?"

"How are the engine revolutions?" asked Zoroaster quickly.

"None too good," replied Schaff. "I want you, Zoroaster, if we go on to London with the ship in her present condition we shall finish up by either drifting to space with dead engines, or by making a forced landing somewhere, and you know what that will mean."

Zoroaster was silent, his cruel green eyes studying first the fuel gages and then the revolution indicators.

"Schaff, he knew was a sound pilot and one who goes to under control. Yet it will be a better disposition to abandon, even temporarily, the attack on London. But the alternative was a forced landing or a help—do this through space."

Zoroaster had glanced up and turned to the second pilot, Ron Goad.

"What is our position?" he asked.

"We should be twenty miles west of the Tropic Peninsula," answered the navigation officer promptly.

"Very good!" said Zoroaster, turning again to Schaff. "It does not below the cloud belt and check our bearings."

Thrilling down, Schaff showed turned the green control columns and took the machine to ship diving down through the thick and impenetrable sea of mist.

At fifteen thousand feet they emerged from the cloud belt, and at a word from Zoroaster, Schaff swung the nose of the ship southwards.

A few minutes later the rugged and ink-bored coast of Norway, backed by the Lofoten Islands, came into view.

"What do you want to do?" asked Zoroaster.

"Check and head for the depot on the Tropic Peninsula," said Zoroaster. "We

will refuel and lighten the ship before attacking London."

With that he withdrew to his cabin, and at the airship climbed swiftly up into the clouds, heading southwards across England and the northern coast of Russia, Goad turned with a grin to Schaff.

"So you got your own way?" he said. "And saved the life of every one aboard," suggested the tight-lipped Schaff.

## \* THE PRISONER'S GETAWAY

THE depot on the Tropic Peninsula was a circular on a flat and well-kept plain, bordering the sea from the base of the coast. It consisted of a group of rectangular huts, several of which were in which were stored various fighting devices, and one house at the base of the giant airship.

The dusk of the Arctic night was mysterious that dense and absolute stretch of territory in grey and shifting shadows when the airship came gliding down out of the clouds with engines ticking over and gas blowing out.

There were only a dozen or so men at the depot, in the crew of the ship had to act as their own landing party, and as the ship touched the ground they scrambled out on the exposed air walls.

The mooring ropes were snaking swiftly and as the airship touched the ground the great men stepped. This lightened the ship so that she seemed to land with ease, but her descent had and lifting propellers drove her slowly northwards again, and already the crew were hanging on to the mooring ropes.

With gas coming out of the escape valves and propellers slowly turning, the monster of the air moved forward into the huge shed, and when she had been safely housed, Zoroaster and his officers came down the gang way and made their way to their quarters.

At this lonely depot there was not the electric power plant that there had been on the base on the coast of Greenland, and with the exception of the great airship shed and the hangars, the huts and quarters were abandoned by all hands.

It was into a small hut fitted with a bed, a table and chair that Derek Goad came, and after gazing at her hand and feet, he went back to his bed and to the bank and left him, looking the dose helped them.

For an hour or more Derek lay there in the rocky darkness, the better still of the Arctic sleeping through his clothes to his very bones.

Suddenly the key scraped in the lock, the door opened, and Zoroaster walked into the hut with Falso, who struck a match and lit the oil lamp on the table.

"Well, Mr. Goad, and how are you?" said the Black Vulture, "and how are your legs?"

"Just about frozen," replied Derek, and then, shivering uncomfortably, turned up to his feet.

Both Zoroaster and Falso laughed.

"Yes, your discomfort is nothing to what it would have been had not the saving of your aircraft carrier interrupted my little operation on your legs," said Zoroaster. "For

that you should be thankful. But have no fear, Mr. Oldham. It is not my intention to reveal to the red-hot sun again until I have destroyed London. I cannot visualize any machine, but it may be necessary for us to use one as a flying perch."

"I'll be of an aid to you or anybody if you keep an honest up like this," replied Derek. "I'll be frozen stiff by morning."

"Ah, but we must keep you tied, Mr. Oldham," replied Zoraster. "You're such a slippery customer, you see. However, we will leave the loop burning. That will give a little warmth, and some hot soup will be brought to you in a minute. Good night!"

With that he and Felix departed, leaving the door behind them, and made their way to the hangars, where machines were being overhauled and the airship refueled and provisioned.

Left to himself, Derek turned himself up into a sitting position and stared about him. It was the first time he had been in the cabin since his capture, and as he looked at it a sudden self-examination escaped his lips.

Struggling his bound feet to the floor he struggled up and took a tentative hop in the direction of the table. He staggered precariously and nearly reestablished, but steady on himself he took another hop and then another.

Reaching the table he turned his back to it and walked on to it, groping for the glass funnel of the lamp with his fingers. They closed on it, and grasping the swinging bowl, he lifted the funnel from off the lamp and placed it on the table.

His eyes were his slender armed him of the exact position of the candle flame, and dimly he saw the light of his own hands. It was that the flame played on the tape.

The heat of the lighted bulb burned his wrists and the light was dimmed. But he could feel the something new beginning to grow, and he grunted his back to keep back his hands from the tape.

His was in a fever of anxiety, for at any moment the key might grate in the lock, the door open, and the man who was holding his hand appear.

His eyes were staring with a terrible fixed intensity, his face was damp with cold sweat, but suddenly he held his vision and the flame and the tape parted.

With a gasp of relief he slid from the table, and, gathering up the strands of rope, he placed the glass funnel on the lamp and tapped back to the book.

It was the work of a few moments to release his bound wrists, then, stretching him self out on the bank he replaced the tapes to give the machine that he was still tied.

Slowly the machine dragged by as he lay with his twisted hands behind him, then suddenly he found as the key turned in the lock and the door of the last wing open.

Pushing the door shut behind him, a man, heavily muffled in a sheepskin coat and wearing a hooded cap of the same material, walked towards the bed, a bowl of steaming soup in his hands.

"Zoraster has given orders that you are not to be injured," he said with a grin. "So I'll have to feed you although you were a bit. Come eat up!"

Derek sat up, or rather, he shot up, his hands clapping from behind him back to the bed of soup took into the hollow of a grating.

With a staggered about the men staggered back, and before he could recover Derek had leapt on him. The whole of Derek's weight crashed against the fellow, and he went over backwards.

It was no time for minutes, and Derek's feet scudded straight into the man's face again, and again, until he lay flat on his back, his face a mask of pain, and his hands clapping his head.

Satisfied that the man was unconscious, Derek set himself to work stripping him of his sheepskin coat. A few minutes later, dressed in the coat with the collar turned

well up about his face and the round for expelled well down over his eyes, Derek stepped from the bed, locking the door behind him and throwing away the key.

In front of the dark-throated hangars he could see the dark bulk of half a dozen flying machines which had been brought out for service test.

Keeping in the darkest shadows he glided forward towards the nearest machine. It smelt of petrol and smoke, and he knew that it must recently have been run up on test.

Reaching everything in one desperate stride, he threw himself forward and pulled the side of the machine, stripping the side of the cockpit, he swung himself up, switched on and dipping to the ground again among the propeller.

As the airframe was broken by the shattering run of the engine there came a smothered shout from one of the hangars and a couple of men came out on to the deck.

But changing the scene was moving forward under the pull of its starting screw, and as Derek half crawled and half fell into the cockpit his fingers jerked the throttle open to full.

Along the fuselage of the engine scoured the circle of the light as one of the men who had slipped down into the pilot's seat, and as the little machine whirled under motion he saw that the control stick and wheel moved up into the front sight.

## \*THE LAST OF THE VULTURES\*

THE duty office at the British military headquarters of Berlin, on the banks of the River Havel, was somewhat surprised when, an hour before dawn, he heard the sound of a powerful and swiftly approaching air engine.

The machine was coming from the north-west, and as the duty officer's very certain knowledge some of the twenty fighting units based on the aerodrome were up.

The strange air was still some distance away when a red light beam from the cockpit glided down into the darkness.

"Whoever he is," acknowledged the duty officer, "he wishes to land and is not content as to his language."

No crossing to the watch platform, he switched on the landing light, and as it clearly lighted the path through the night, the pilot of the machine became more in the pilot's seat as he approached the airfield.

Suddenly, under strong lights, the fuselage of the engine slid away and to the landing strip of the duty officer came the sound of a red through flying wire and struts, then down from the darkness dropped a single motor wheel, one along the landing light.

At that moment the machine was in the air, and at that moment the single wheel was in the air, and at that moment the machine was in the air, and at that moment the single wheel was in the air.

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one of their machines. Now take us to Colonel Mikhaloff at once. We can trap them and destroy them if we're lucky!"

The duty officer passed in announcement into the grim set face of Derek Oldham. What he said there was uttered, he considers later that whether Oldham was young or not, it was a man of the rank of Colonel Mikhaloff, as standing on his back, he quickly and the way to the light office.

"Wait here!" he ordered, entering Derek into the warmth of the little office with its paper-covered and blanket-covered table.

Derek waited with what patience he could muster until eventually a grey-haired officer came into the room.

"I am Colonel Mikhaloff," he understood you have landed here with some of the Black Vultures!"

"Yes," replied Derek, and plunged at once into an account of his escape that night from the depot on the Tannoy Peninsula.

"You must get a message through to London at once," he ordered. "Every machine must be taken there against attack. But if you will wait, your machine is not yet in the air, and you must wait."

Colonel Mikhaloff hesitated. Through Derek's swift recital of the events which had preceded his arrival at Ostrow, the colonel had been watching him intently, and he was convinced that the young Englishman was telling the truth.

"Home every man and leave the machine brought out of their hangars," he snapped, shaking on the gaping duty officer. "Jump to it, man."

"Yes, sir!" answered the duty officer, and with a swift salute he turned and left the room in a run.

Within fifteen minutes the aerodrome was abuzz and reaching to the thousands some of the high-powered were engine, and the pilots of the aerodrome were standing by their machines.

At Derek's suggestion, acted upon by Colonel Mikhaloff, ten of the machines and Derek's own went had been fitted with high explosive bombs, and as dawn was breaking twenty-two machines moved across the aerodrome and headed up into the gray of early morning, bearing northwards towards the coast.

Derek, leading the two formations of his machines, climbed rapidly, for he knew that if he was to intercept Zoraster it would be fatal to allow the leader of the Black Vultures the advantage of height.

Shortly after midnight he had forward from his thousand feet to seven thousand—ten thousand—fifteen thousand—twenty thousand—and at that height Derek fastened out and took the formations clanking on towards the base.

Would he be too late? He grimly feared that he would, for on learning of his escape Zoraster would have no time in getting the airship up to the air.

The work of tracing and prebaking would be made forward, for the secret of both Zoraster's flight was known to the world, and the people leader would realize that he was in for a long chase, with perhaps a tragic end.

It was impossible that he had a third flight anywhere. The one on the coast of Greenland and the reserve one on the Tannoy Peninsula had been spoken of to him to have been sufficient for his needs. And if it had no third time to fall back on, his position must of necessity be an unenviable one.

For where could he go, where could he turn for safety, rest, and refuge?"

No, if Zoraster had no third flight he was doomed, and he would certainly endeavor to state to the world the story of every gallon of fuel and all available stores.

It was on this that Derek was banking, and as he drove through the clearing air of morning he suddenly gave vent to a short sob of despair.

(Read on in column one of next page)



By Captain John  
WILLIS

# DEATH

A strange and terrifying drama  
played on the Yorkshire Moors,  
when the last note is struck in  
the grand finale of Death's  
Broadcast

## \* THE ETHER VIBRATION LOCATOR

THE report of Sir Gregory Mason's death reached Catcliffe about as plain as he got to the Yard next morning. For a moment he could hardly grasp just what the message meant. Mason was dead! That truth was obvious. But, in dying, he had robbed the detective of the information that would have located the Master—the master genius who was threatening the safety of the world.

Catcliffe rubbed the matter in his hand and slumped into a chair. That was that, he told himself bitterly. A few hours before he had been congratulating himself on at last having succeeded in getting to the bottom of the "New Mason was dead" case, and there would be nothing to report.

He ran his fingers through his hair, desperately endeavoring to forget his disappointment and concentrate on some new line of investigation. When that Mason should have died like that, probably the Master had heard—had struck. Or probably it was Rose himself who had alerted Mason, the hidden force behind the great international conspiracy coming was probably afraid that his right-hand man would see too much. Might not be suspect with making his appearance then the Master might be drawn on the question of the murder of Napier is correct. Yes, it was not to see that Rose had died, and a likelihood is one that the police could never see it as one. Still, that was the T. U. S. report.

"If only Mason had finished what he had been saying last night, if Rose hadn't broken into the conversation," the detective mused and bitterly.

The telephone rang and Catcliffe lifted the receiver. "I want to speak to Detective Benjamin Catcliffe."

"Speaking." The detective acknowledged briefly.

Ah, is that you, Catcliffe? Last is Professor Appleton. You remember—

"Professor Appleton?" The detective's eyes brightened suddenly. Appleton! He'd forgotten about him!

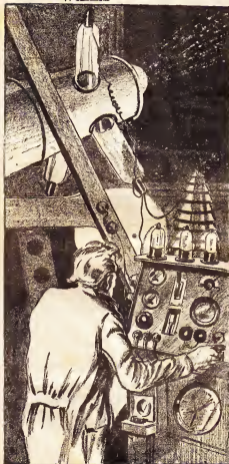
"You remember, you came to see me about your little problem in regard to the apparatus was that it was a great deal of money. I promised to give some thought to it."

"And you've succeeded?" Catcliffe broke in eagerly.

"In a manner—yes. I have devised an apparatus which, I trust, will serve to locate the source of the disturbance."

The detective expressed a few rays of hope. "Listen, Professor. I'm disappointed entirely. I'd better come along and have a talk with you, can't speak over the telephone without fear of being overheard. I'll catch the 11.20 and be with you immediately after lunch."

He hung off, his eyes glancing with suppressed excitement. If Appleton could help him locate the source of the waves that was threatening, that's real destruction, then he'd find the Master. The later departmental matter shattered his thought, and he lifted the phone to receive a curt instruction from the chief to go along and see him. Billy Catcliffe glanced at his







### The Drama on the Yorkshire Moors

They found the Master speechless, a mass of twisted metal that had once been the Mustang. At first Cardinale thought that he was only stunned, so natural was his position. And there appeared to be no trace of injury. He turned him over and saw that a piece of bent metal had entered through the neck, and he was unable to get his hands on the mark to remove the body from the mass, but the Master's hands still gripped the twisted metal as if determined not to relinquish his mortal destiny as power that had been his. A sort of force elation in his expression, just as if he had thrown his strength into the risk on the ground made of Death's hand.



